Featuring America's Fighting Nemesis of Crime

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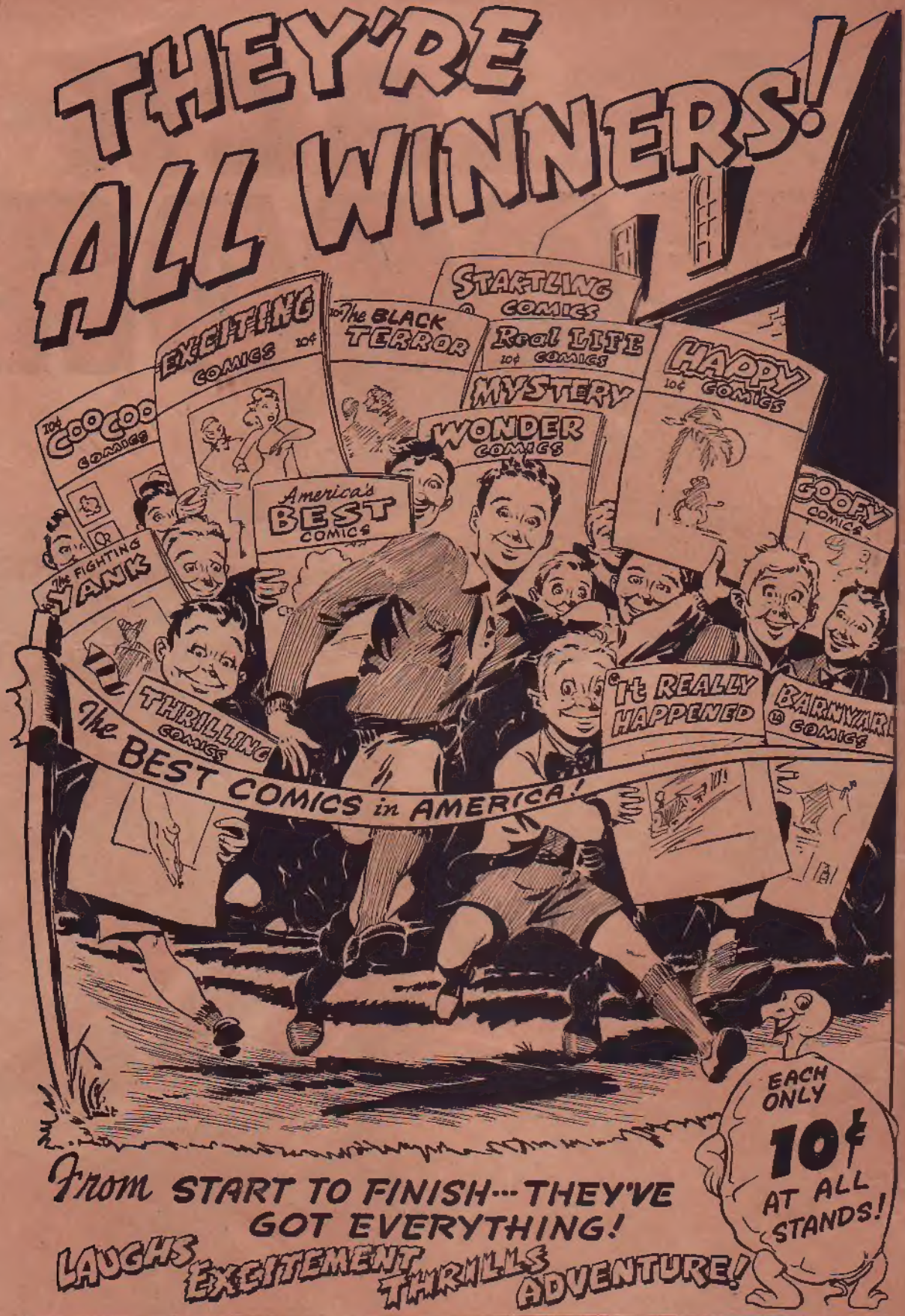

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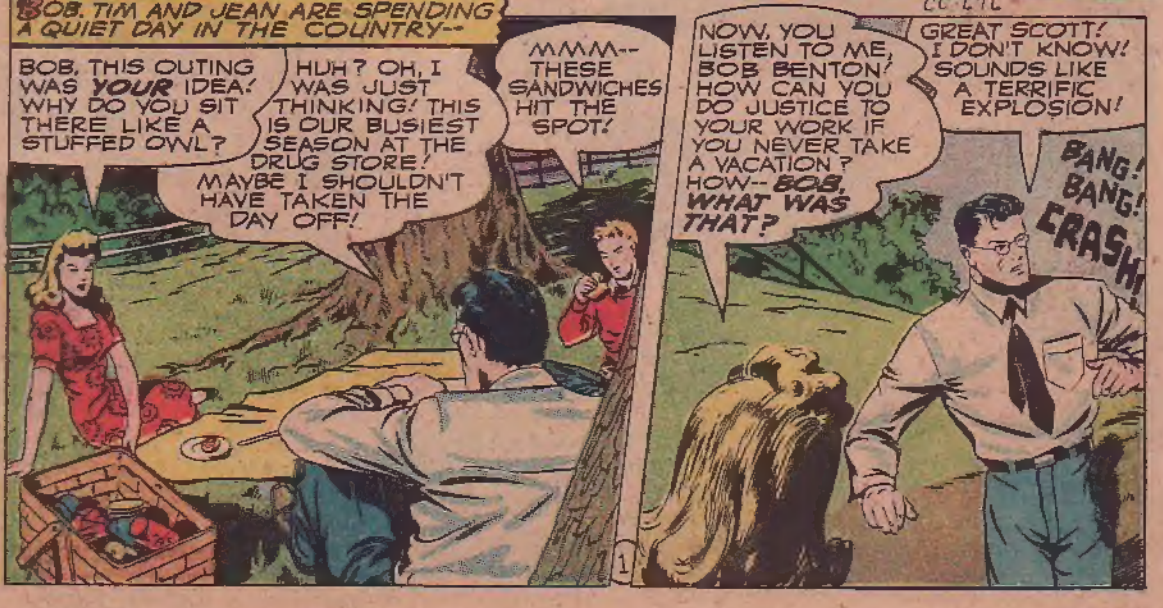
No. 18. April, 1947. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

The BLACK TERROR
WHAT IS THIS STRANGE AND TERRIBLE MALADY THAT TURNS MEN AND WOMEN INTO HELPLESS PUPPETS WHO DANCE TO CRIME'S BIDDING? WHO IS THE COLD AND REMORSELESS EVILDOER WHO TAKES SUCH SAVAGE DELIGHT IN OUTWITTING THE LAW? BOB BENTON--ALIAS THE BLACK TERROR--FINDS HIMSELF FACING A CHALLENGE THAT TESTS HIS MIGHTY POWERS AS NEVER BEFORE!


BOB, TIM AND JEAN ARE SPENDING A QUIET DAY IN THE COUNTRY--
BOB, THIS OUTING WAS YOUR IDEA! WHY DO YOU SIT THERE LIKE A STUFFED OWL?
HUH? OH, I WAS JUST THINKING! THIS IS OUR BUSIEST SEASON AT THE DRUG STORE! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE DAY OFF!
MMM-- THESE SANDWICHES HIT THE SPOT!
CC 476
NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, BOB BENTON! HOW CAN YOU DO JUSTICE TO YOUR WORK IF YOU NEVER TAKE A VACATION? HOW-- BOB, WHAT WAS THAT?
GREAT SCOTT! I DON'T KNOW! SOUNDS LIKE A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!
BANG! BANG! CRASH!

H-HELP!
COME ON, TIM! LET'S FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THAT CRASH!
BOB, LOOK! SOMEONE BROKE INTO THAT SHACK BY SMASHING THE GROUND FLOOR WINDOW!
NO-- THESE FOOTPRINTS LEAD AWAY FROM THE WINDOW! HE WASN'T TRYING TO GET IN! HE WAS MAKING A GETAWAY!
THERE'S SOMETHING HEAVY RESTING AGAINST THE DOOR! I CAN'T-- SEEM TO-- BUDGE IT! THERE-- IT MOVED!
A MOMENT LATER--
I'VE BEEN SHOT! MY SHOULDER!
EASY! IT'S JUST A FLESH WOUND! BUT FLESH WOUNDS CAN BE PLENTY PAINFUL!
A MAN I NEVER SAW BEFORE FORCED HIS WAY IN! FORTUNATELY, I CARRY A GUN FOR PROTECTION! WE EXCHANGED SHOTS AND THEN-- I HEARD A CRASH! I MUST HAVE FALLEN BACK AGAINST THE DOOR-- I-- I--!

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! IT'S GONE!
SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS, SIR!
I AM DR. STEPHEN HARDWICK--A BACTERIOLOGIST! FOR SEVERAL YEARS I'VE BEEN STUDYING A RARE AND MYSTERIOUS DISEASE WHICH HAS BAFFLED MEDICAL SCIENCE FOR GENERATIONS!
PUBLICITY IS DISTASTEFUL TO ME! THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN USING THIS SHACK AS A LABORATORY! BUT I FAILED TO REALIZE THAT THE SENSATIONAL ASPECTS OF MY WORK WOULD BE GIVEN FRONT-PAGE PUBLICITY!
GREAT GUNS! I REMEMBER NOW! YOU WROTE AN ARTICLE FOR A MEDICAL JOURNAL ABOUT A RARE ORIENTAL DISEASE CALLED LATA! THE PAPERS PLAYED IT UP!
YES--LATA IS A TERRIFYING MALADY! IT PARALYZES A PORTION OF THE BRAIN--SO THAT THE VICTIM IMITATES EVERYTHING SAID OR DONE BY ANOTHER!
I DISCOVERED THAT THE DRIED SPORES OF A RARE ORIENTAL PLANT ACT INSTANTLY TO PRODUCE THE DISEASE! THERE WAS A TEST TUBE FULL OF LATA SPORES ON THAT TABLE--NOW IT'S GONE!
BOB--LOOK! I FOUND THIS BY THE WINDOW! ONE OF THOSE JAGGED POINTS OF GLASS MUST HAVE RIPPED OPEN THE RAT'S COAT POCKET!
A CRUMPLED SLIP OF PAPER WITH SOMETHING SCRAWLED ON IT! HMMM--"SOUTH AND MAIN--2:30? TIM, THERE'S A BANK AT SOUTH AND MAIN STREETS--THE SECOND NATIONAL!
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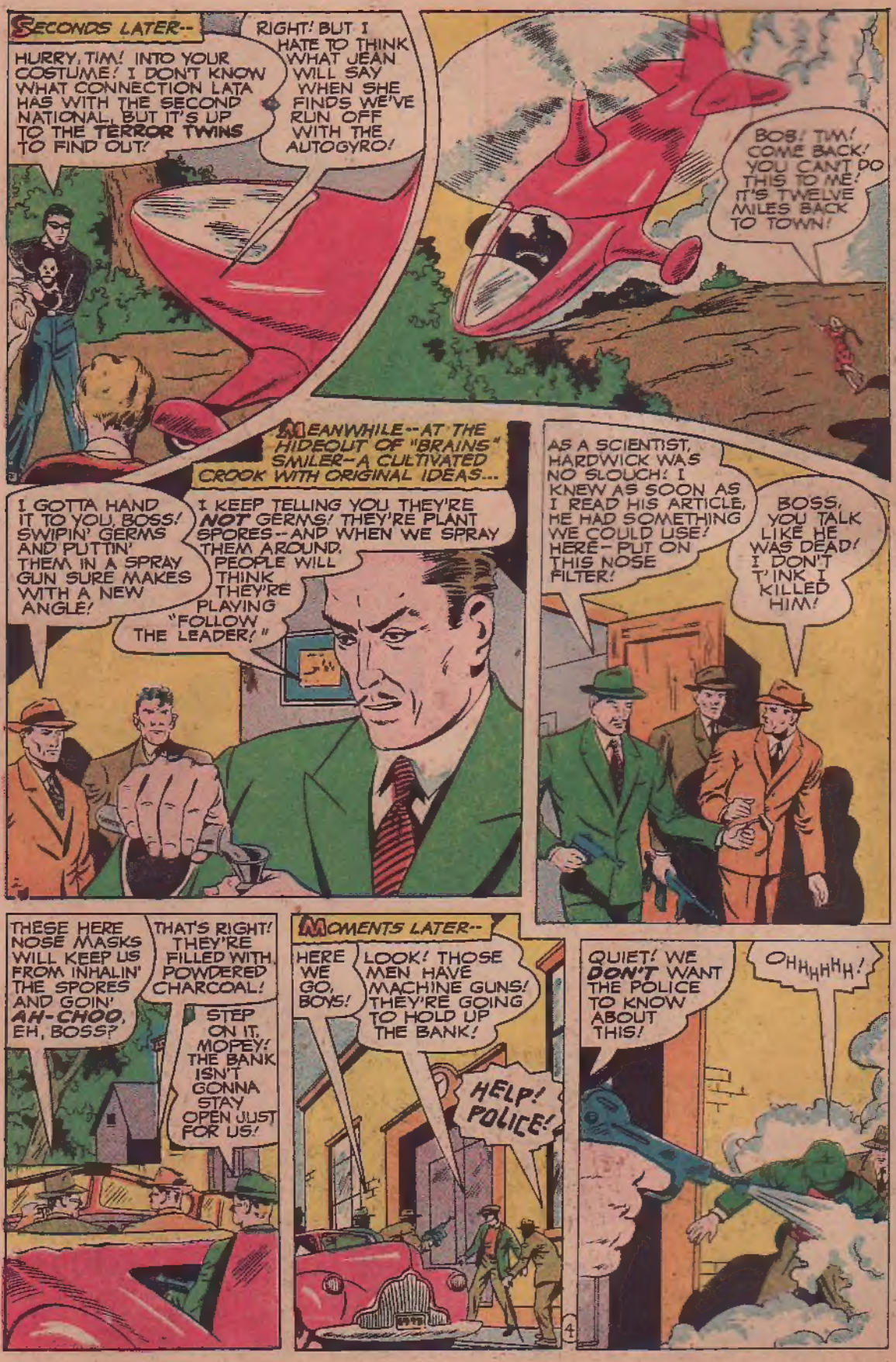
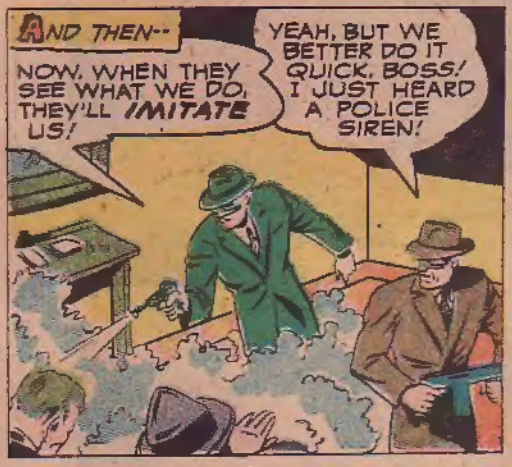
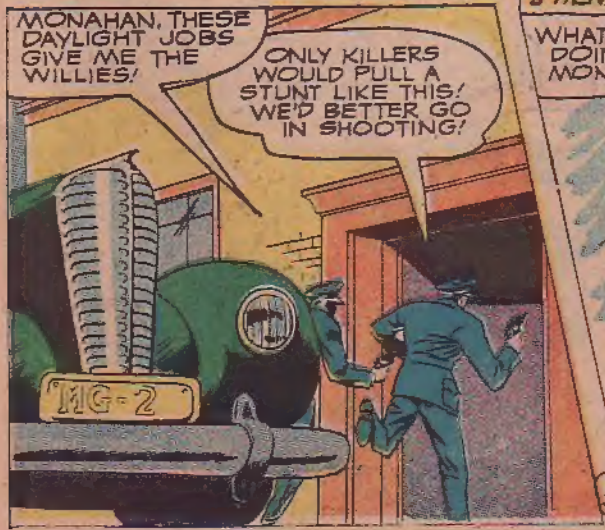

SECONDS LATER--
HURRY, TIM! INTO YOUR COSTUME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT CONNECTION LATA HAS WITH THE SECOND NATIONAL, BUT IT'S UP TO THE TERROR TWINS TO FIND OUT!
RIGHT! BUT I HATE TO THINK WHAT JEAN WILL SAY WHEN SHE FINDS WE'VE RUN OFF WITH THE AUTOGYRO!
BOB! TIM! COME BACK! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! IT'S TWELVE MILES BACK TO TOWN!
MEANWHILE--AT THE HIDEOUT OF "BRAINS" SMILER--A CULTIVATED CROOK WITH ORIGINAL IDEAS...
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, BOSS! SWIPIN' GERMS AND PUTTIN' THEM IN A SPRAY GUN SURE MAKES WITH A NEW ANGLE!
I KEEP TELLING YOU THEY'RE NOT GERMS! THEY'RE PLANT SPORES--AND WHEN WE SPRAY THEM AROUND, PEOPLE WILL THINK THEY'RE PLAYING "FOLLOW THE LEADER!"
AS A SCIENTIST, HARDWICK WAS NO SLOUCH! I KNEW AS SOON AS I READ HIS ARTICLE, HE HAD SOMETHING WE COULD USE! HERE--PUT ON THIS NOSE FILTER!
BOSS, YOU TALK LIKE HE WAS DEAD! I DON'T T'INK I KILLED HIM!
THESE HERE NOSE MASKS WILL KEEP US FROM INHALIN' THE SPORES AND GOIN' AH-CHOO, EH, BOSS?
THAT'S RIGHT! THEY'RE FILLED WITH POWDERED CHARCOAL!
STEP ON IT, MOPEY! THE BANK ISN'T GONNA STAY OPEN JUST FOR US!
MOMENTS LATER--
HERE WE GO, BOYS!
LOOK! THOSE MEN HAVE MACHINE GUNS! THEY'RE GOING TO HOLD UP THE BANK!
HELP! POLICE!
QUIET! WE DON'T WANT THE POLICE TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!
OHHHHHH!
4

SWIFTLY THE LATA SPORES TAKE EFFECT!
THEY'RE GOING IN THERE WITH TOMMY-GUNS! I'VE GOT A TOMMY-GUN TOO! COME ON, KID--WE'LL GO IN SHOOTING!
YEAH--BUT HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO PULL THIS OFF BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!

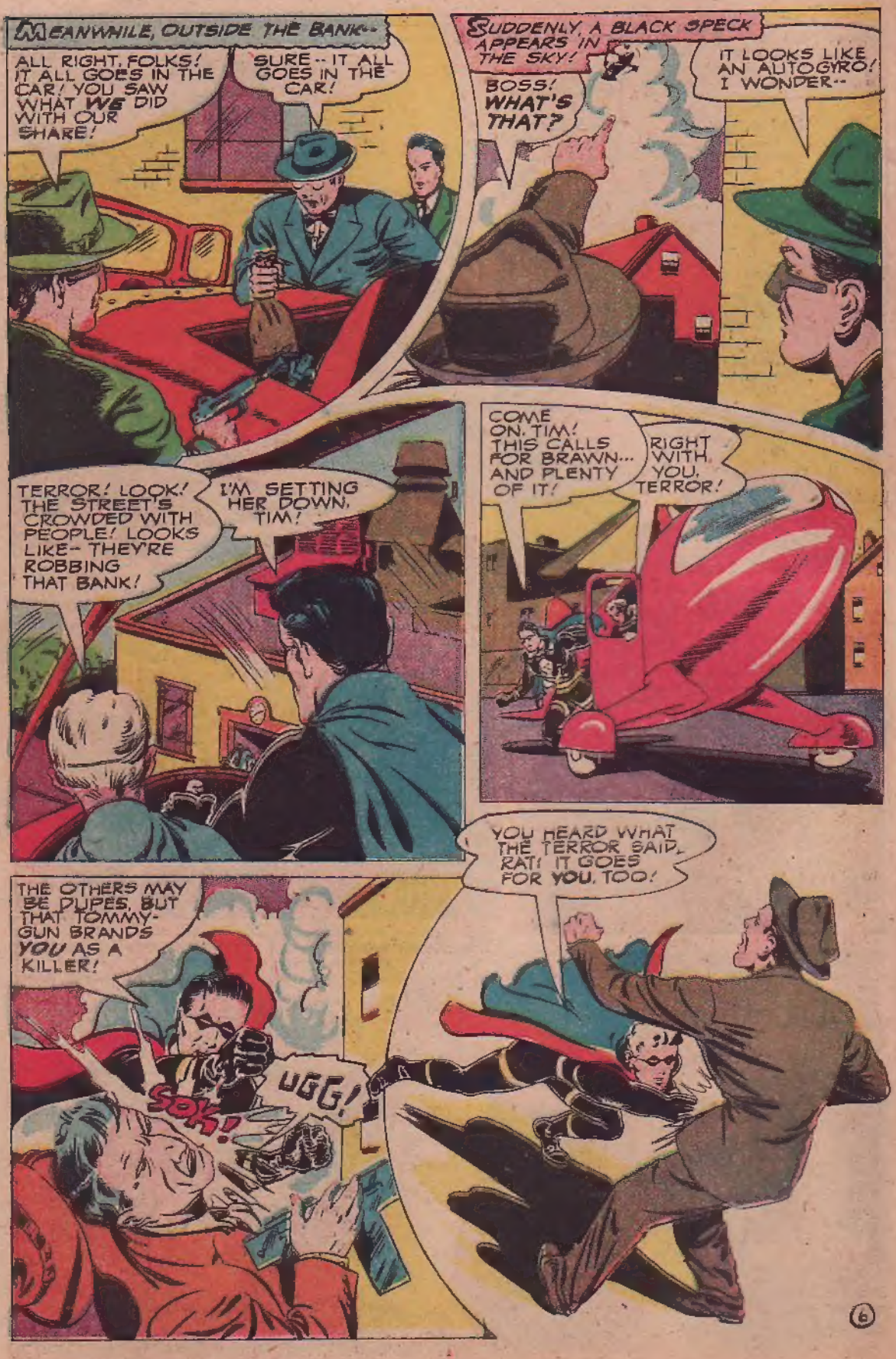
A MOMENT LATER--INSIDE THE BANK--
WE'LL JUST SPRAY YOU OVER LIGHTLY AND THEN--YOU'LL FOLLOW OUR LEAD!
DON'T BE IMPATIENT, FOLKS! THE BOSS WILL GET AROUND TO YOU!
ARRRGGH! (CHOKE!)

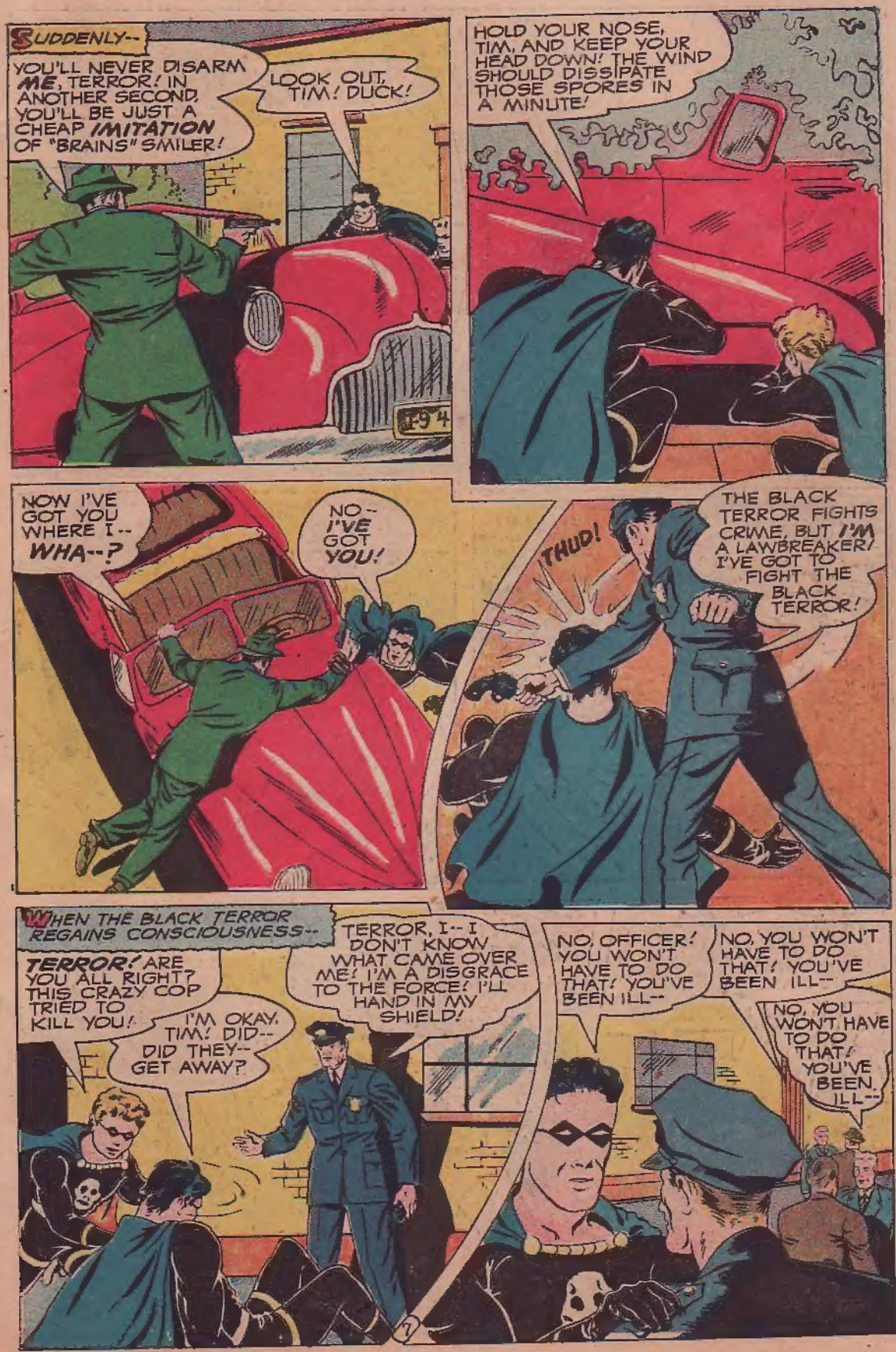

AND THEN--
NOW, WHEN THEY SEE WHAT WE DO, THEY'LL IMITATE US!
YEAH, BUT WE BETTER DO IT QUICK, BOSS! I JUST HEARD A POLICE SIREN!

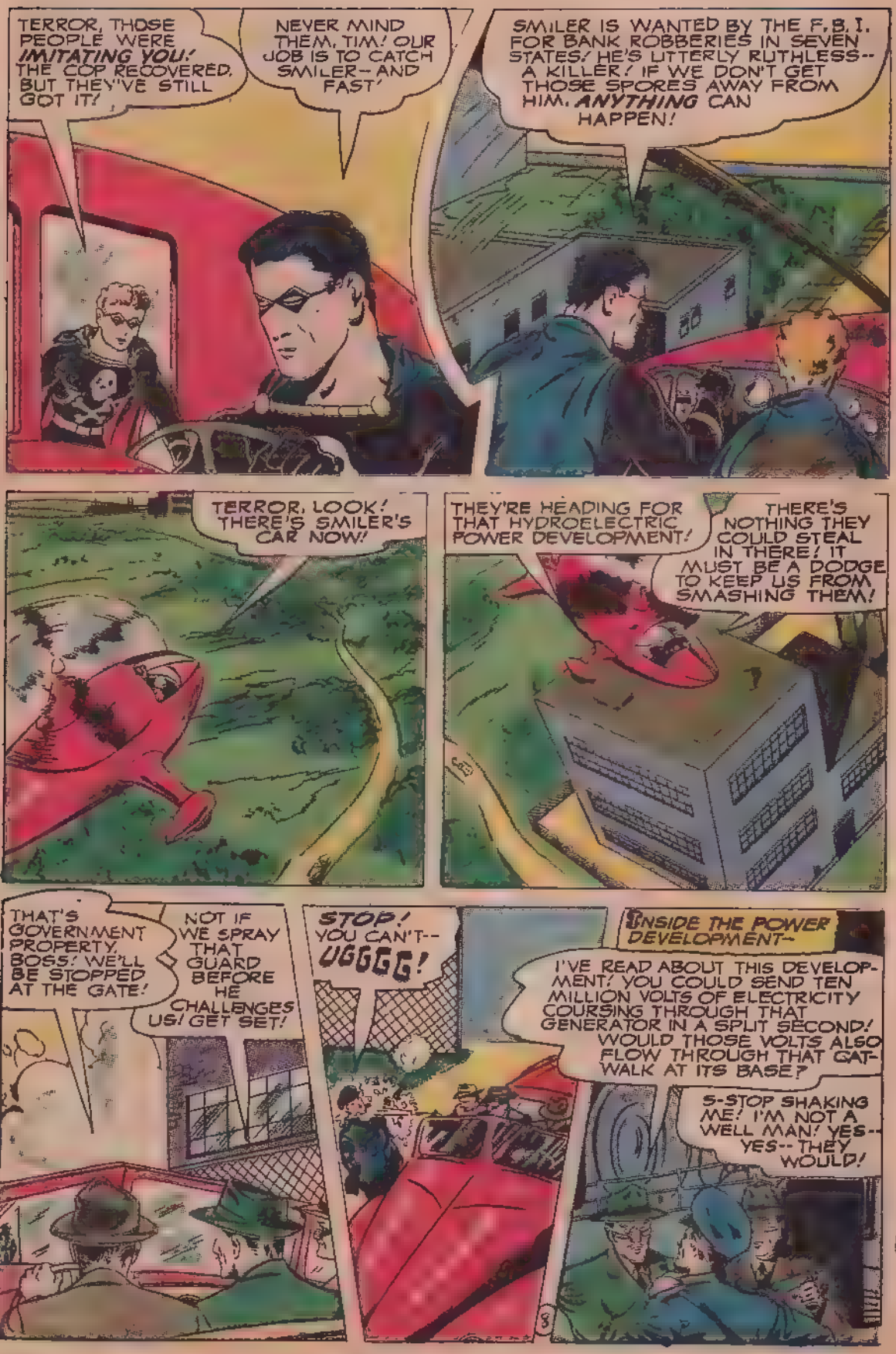
WHEN THE SPORE VAPOR CLEARS--
WE'RE ROBBING THE BANK, AREN'T WE?
YES, DEAR! ISN'T IT THRILLING?
BOSS, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!
SHUT UP AND KEEP MOVING!


MONAHAN, THESE DAYLIGHT JOBS GIVE ME THE WILLIES!
ONLY KILLERS WOULD PULL A STUNT LIKE THIS! WE'D BETTER GO IN SHOOTING!
MG-2

THEN, STRANGELY--
WHAT ARE WE DOING, MONAHAN?
EXACTLY WHAT THEY DID! RIGHT AFTER THEY BLEW THAT DUST AT US, THEY STARTED CLEANING OUT THIS SAFE! WE'RE SIMPLY FINISHING THE JOB!


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE BANK--
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! IT ALL GOES IN THE CAR! YOU SAW WHAT WE DID WITH OUR SHARE!
SURE -- IT ALL GOES IN THE CAR!
SUDDENLY, A BLACK SPECK APPEARS IN THE SKY!
BOSS! WHAT'S THAT?
IT LOOKS LIKE AN AUTOGYRO! I WONDER--
TERROR! LOOK! THE STREET'S CROWDED WITH PEOPLE! LOOKS LIKE-- THEY'RE ROBBING THAT BANK!
I'M SETTING HER DOWN, TIM!
COME ON, TIM! THIS CALLS FOR BRAWN... AND PLENTY OF IT!
RIGHT WITH YOU, TERROR!
YOU HEARD WHAT THE TERROR SAID, RAT! IT GOES FOR YOU, TOO!
THE OTHERS MAY BE DUPES, BUT THAT TOMMY-GUN BRANDS YOU AS A KILLER!
SOK!
UGG!


SUDDENLY--
YOU'LL NEVER DISARM ME, TERROR! IN ANOTHER SECOND, YOU'LL BE JUST A CHEAP IMITATION OF "BRAINS" SMILER!
LOOK OUT, TIM! DUCK!
HOLD YOUR NOSE, TIM, AND KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN! THE WIND SHOULD DISSIPATE THOSE SPORES IN A MINUTE!
NOW I'VE GOT YOU WHERE I-- WHA--?
NO-- I'VE GOT YOU!
THUD!
THE BLACK TERROR FIGHTS CRIME, BUT I'M A LAWBREAKER! I'VE GOT TO FIGHT THE BLACK TERROR!
WHEN THE BLACK TERROR REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS--
TERROR! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THIS CRAZY COP TRIED TO KILL YOU!
I'M OKAY, TIM! DID-- DID THEY-- GET AWAY?
TERROR, I-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME! I'M A DISGRACE TO THE FORCE! I'LL HAND IN MY SHIELD!
NO, OFFICER! YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO THAT! YOU'VE BEEN ILL--
NO, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO THAT! YOU'VE BEEN ILL--
NO, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO THAT! YOU'VE BEEN ILL--


TERROR, THOSE PEOPLE WERE IMITATING YOU! THE COP RECOVERED, BUT THEY'VE STILL GOT IT!
NEVER MIND THEM, TIM! OUR JOB IS TO CATCH SMILER—AND FAST!
SMILER IS WANTED BY THE F.B.I. FOR BANK ROBBERIES IN SEVEN STATES! HE'S UTTERLY RUTHLESS—A KILLER! IF WE DON'T GET THOSE SPORES AWAY FROM HIM, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!
TERROR, LOOK! THERE'S SMILER'S CAR NOW!
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT HYDROELECTRIC POWER DEVELOPMENT!
THERE'S NOTHING THEY COULD STEAL IN THERE! IT MUST BE A DODGE TO KEEP US FROM SMASHING THEM!
THAT'S GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, BOSS! WE'LL BE STOPPED AT THE GATE!
NOT IF WE SPRAY THAT GUARD BEFORE HE CHALLENGES US! GET SET!
STOP! YOU CAN'T—UGGGG!
INSIDE THE POWER DEVELOPMENT—
I'VE READ ABOUT THIS DEVELOPMENT! YOU COULD SEND TEN MILLION VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY COURSING THROUGH THAT GENERATOR IN A SPLIT SECOND! WOULD THOSE VOLTS ALSO FLOW THROUGH THAT CATWALK AT ITS BASE?
S-STOP SHAKING ME! I'M NOT A WELL MAN! YES—YES—THEY WOULD!
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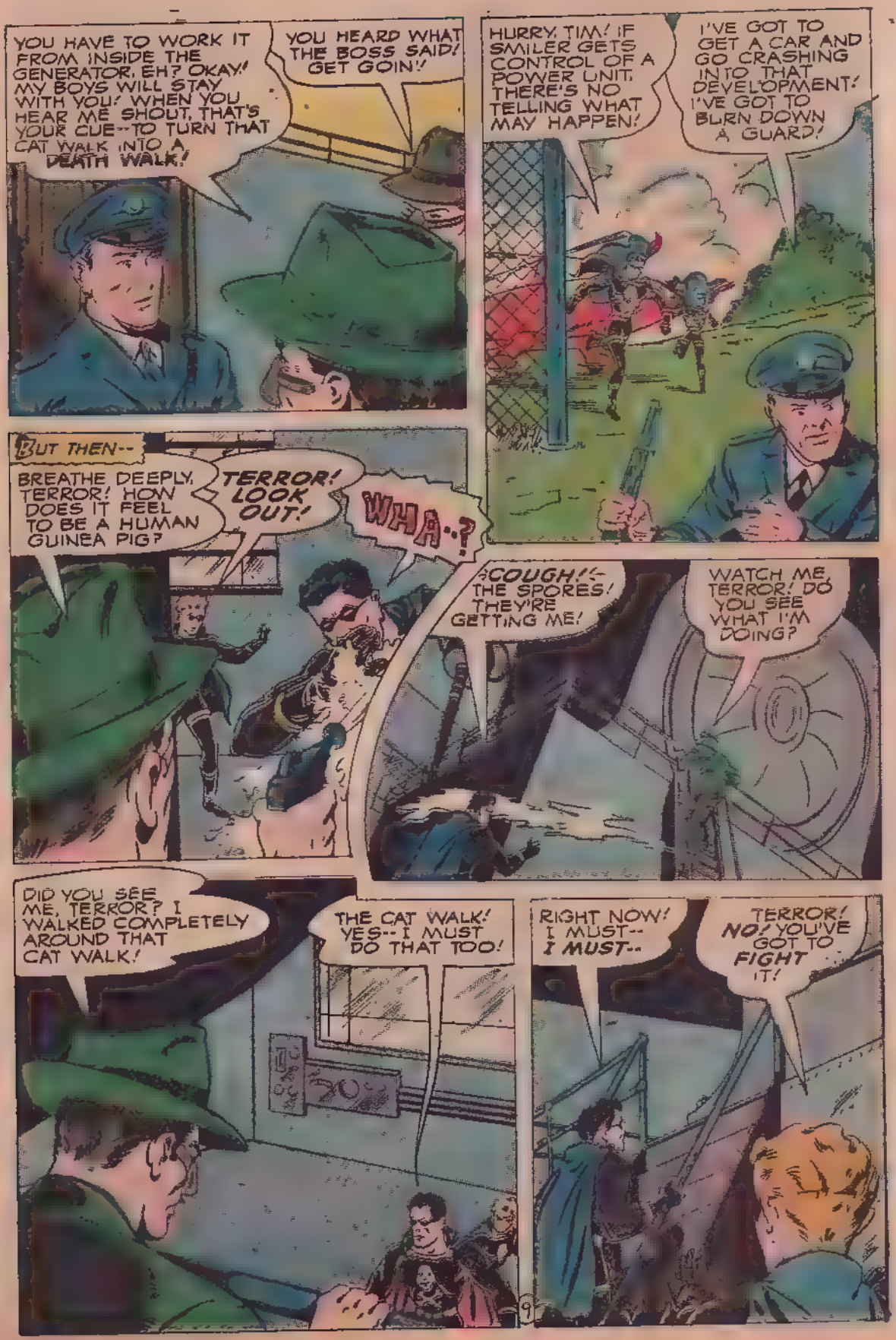
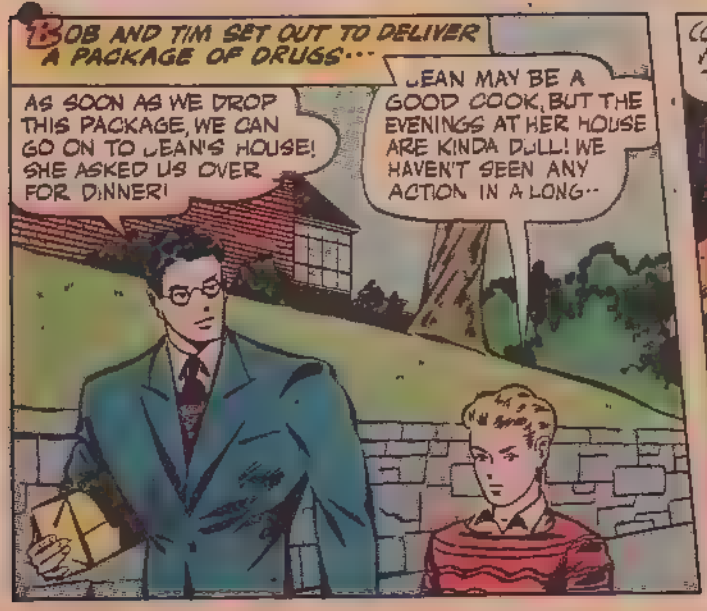

YOU HAVE TO WORK IT FROM INSIDE THE GENERATOR, EH? OKAY! MY BOYS WILL STAY WITH YOU! WHEN YOU HEAR ME SHOUT, THAT'S YOUR CUE--TO TURN THAT CAT WALK INTO A DEATH WALK!
YOU HEARD WHAT THE BOSS SAID! GET GOIN'!
HURRY, TIM! IF SMILER GETS CONTROL OF A POWER UNIT, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MAY HAPPEN!
I'VE GOT TO GET A CAR AND GO CRASHING INTO THAT DEVELOPMENT! I'VE GOT TO BURN DOWN A GUARD!
BUT THEN--
BREATHE DEEPLY, TERROR! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A HUMAN GUINEA PIG?
TERROR! LOOK OUT!
WHA--?
COUGH!-- THE SPORES! THEY'RE GETTING ME!
WATCH ME, TERROR! DO YOU SEE WHAT I'M DOING?
DID YOU SEE ME, TERROR? I WALKED COMPLETELY AROUND THAT CAT WALK!
THE CAT WALK! YES--I MUST DO THAT TOO!
RIGHT NOW! I MUST-- I MUST--
TERROR! NO! YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT IT!

YOU MEAN LIKE THIS, TIM?
WOW! YOU HAD ME SCARED FOR A MINUTE, TERROR!
YOU SAW WHAT I JUST DID! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO IMITATE MYSELF AND REALLY MUSS YOU UP!
NO--NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! STAY AWAY FROM ME!
A SUDDEN TERRIFYING CRACKLE, AND--
AGGH!
TIM! GET BACK! COVER YOUR EYES!
ON AN INSULATED METAL PLATFORM BETWEEN THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POLES OF THE MIGHTY GENERATOR, SMILER'S PANIC-STRICKEN OUTCRY PRODUCES--A SINISTER STIR OF ACTIVITY!
YOU HEAR THAT? IT'S THE BOSS SHOUTING FOR YOU TO MAKE THAT CAT WALK SIZZLE! GET BUSY--OR I'LL TURN YOU INTO A SIEVE!
IF I'D KNOWN THAT CAT WALK WAS CHARGED WITH TEN MILLION ELECTRO-VOLTS, I'D HAVE GRABBED HIM AND PULLED HIM BACK!
YES, BUT DON'T FORGET, TERROR... HE RIGGED THAT TRAP FOR YOU!
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THOSE SPORES DIDN'T GET ME, TIM! THEY ALMOST DID FOR A MINUTE! OF COURSE, THAT COP RECOVERED QUICKLY! COULD BE THAT SOME PEOPLE ARE IMMUNE!
SHUCKS, TERROR! IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN A FEW LITTLE SPORES TO MAKE YOU IMITATE A CROOK!
Watch for another great BLACK TERROR story in OUR NEXT ISSUE!

The BLACK TERROR
WHEN A VICIOUS PLOT THREATENS DISASTER TO THE HOME AND FAMILY OF A RETURNING SOLDIER, ONLY THE STRENGTH AND DARING OF THE MIGHTY BLACK TERROR CAN SAVE THE DAY!


BOB AND TIM SET OUT TO DELIVER A PACKAGE OF DRUGS···
AS SOON AS WE DROP THIS PACKAGE, WE CAN GO ON TO JEAN'S HOUSE! SHE ASKED US OVER FOR DINNER!
JEAN MAY BE A GOOD COOK, BUT THE EVENINGS AT HER HOUSE ARE KINDA DULL! WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANY ACTION IN A LONG··

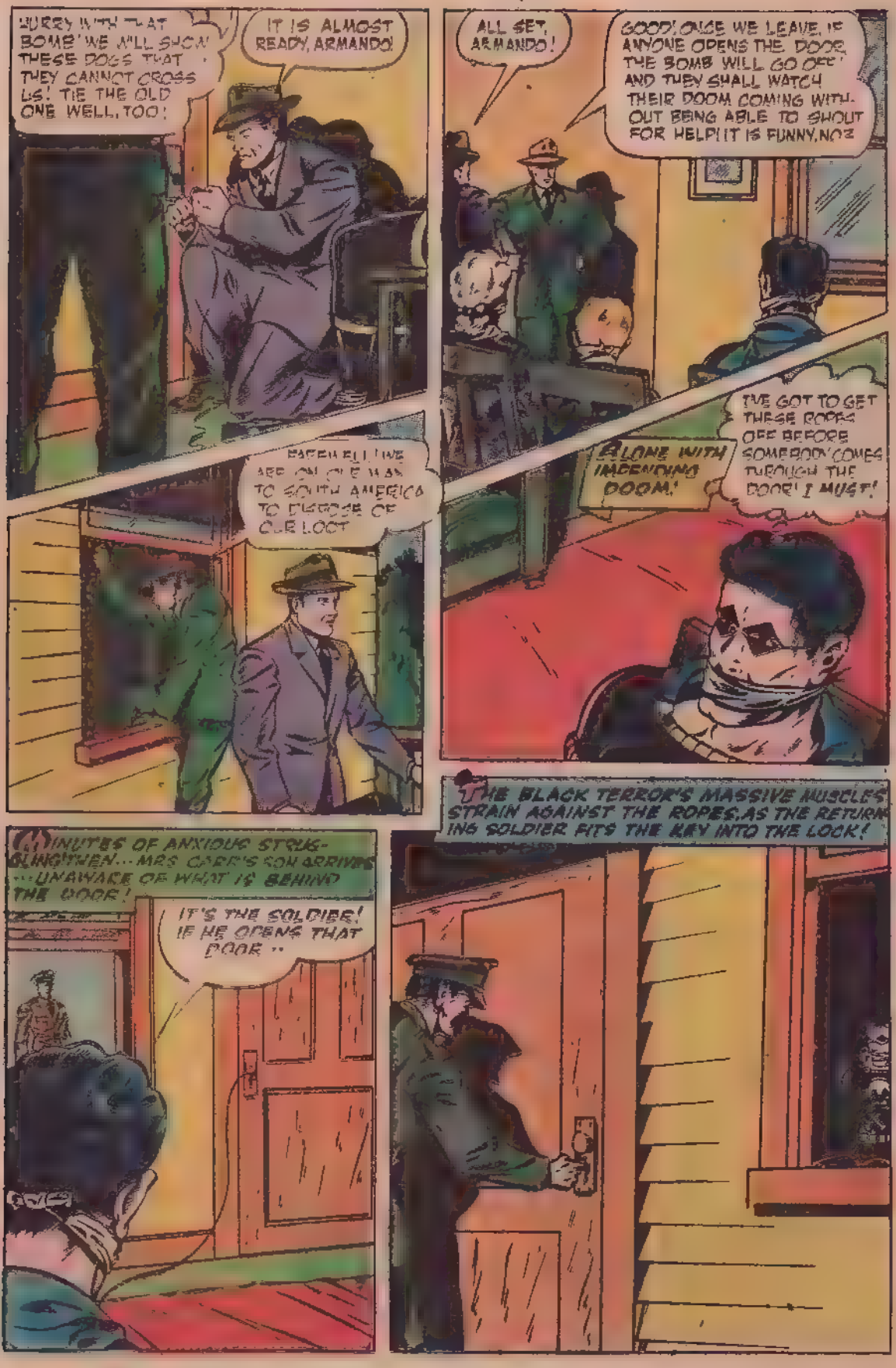
(GULP) WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEBODY SCREAMING! LET'S GO!
EEEEEE

NO···NO! HE'S ALIVE! I KNOW IT! HE'S NOT DEAD!
CAN WE DO ANYTHING, MADAM? WE HEARD YOU SCREAM AND···
THOSE VOICES! THEY KEEP TELLING ME··· MY BOY IS DEAD! BUT HE'S NOT! HE'S COMING HOME. THE VOICES··· THEY ASK FOR THE PACKAGE HE SENT ME! I WON'T GIVE IT UP!
VOICES···?
THE VOICE AGAIN!
IT SEEMED TO COME FROM THE BASEMENT!
LETS TAKE A LOOK AND FIND OUT
MY BOY WROTE ME ···HE'S COMING HOME HE WROTE ME ···HE MUST BE····
OF COURSE HE'S COMING HOME! THOSE VOICES MUST BE YOUR IMAGINATION
YOUR SON IS DEAD! GIVE UP THE PACKAGE AS HE WISHED SO THAT HE MAY REST IN PEACE!
LOOK! OVER THERE!
SO THAT'S THE VOICE! THREE RATS SCARING AN OLD LADY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND THIS ACT -GOING AROUND SCARING OLD LADIES···BUT THIS OUGHT TO HELP YOU TALK!
THREE LITTLE BAD MEN AGAINST ONE OLD LADY ···TCH, TCH!

THIS SORT OF EVENS THE ODDS UP A LITTLE!
YOU FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE!
THAT CHIN WAS MADE FOR MY FIST!
MY, MY -- SEE HOW THEY FALL!
I--- FIX!
OWHHH
CRACK!
CRACK!
THE SOLDIER WILL BE HOME SOON AND IT WILL BE TOO LATE! WE MUST GET THE PACKAGE NOW---EVEN IF WE HAVE TO USE FORCE.
YOU ARE RIGHT, ARMANDO! WE HAVE TRIED TO USE THE SCARE METHOD--BUT IT DID NOT WORK! NOW WE STOP AT NOTHING!
I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME THE BLACK TERROR TOOK A HAND IN THIS!
YIPPPEEE! MAKE WAY FOR THE TERROR TWINS!
BOB AND TIM SLOWLY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS---
OWWW---MY HEAD! WHAT A SOCK!
THAT SCREAM! IT'S COMING FROM UPSTAIRS!
A(EEEEEEE!

WHERE IS THE PACKAGE YOU RECEIVED FROM YOUR SON?
STOP··· PLEASE···! YOU'RE···HURTING ME!
WHY DON'T YOU LADY-KILLERS TRY SOME STIFFER COMPETITION!
THE BLACK TERROR!
SOK!
JGHH··· STOP!
MY FIST JUST CAN'T RESIST YOUR JAW!
SOK!
HOLD IT TERROR OR THE OLD LADY DIES! I WILL SHOOT..
I KNOW YOU WOULD, RAT! IT'S YOUR ROUND!
Prisoners!
TIE THE CURSED FOOLS WELL! THEY WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH US AGAIN!
DO NOT WORRY, ARMANDO! FIND OUT ABOUT THE PACKAGE!
YOUR SOLDIER SON SENT YOU A PACKAGE FROM ITALY! YOU WILL GIVE US THE PACKAGE NOW, OR THIS YOUTH DIES! YOU WILL BE THE KILLERS!
NO···NO···! PLEASE, DON'T KILL THE BOY!

WILL YOU TELL US?
YES---YES! I CANNOT LET HIM DIE FOR ME! I WILL GET---THE PACKAGE!
THE SECRET HIDING PLACE!
HERE! MY BOY SENT IT TO ME! I WASN'T TO OPEN IT UNTIL HE CAME HOME!
THERE! GET IT!
HURRY--- OPEN IT!
FABULOUS TREASURE OF RARE PAINTINGS, JEWELLED GOBLETS, AND GOLD!
LOOK! IT IS ALL HERE!
YOU SEE WHY WE WERE SO ANXIOUS TO SECURE THE PACKAGE, TERROR! MY FRIENDS AND I SECURED IT IN ITALY, POSING AS REPRESENTATIVES OF THE RED CROSS! VERY SIMPLE!
I'D EXPECT SCAVENGERS LIKE YOU TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A WARTORN COUNTRY!
OF COURSE! THE MILITARY POLICE GOT SUSPICIOUS, AND WE HAD TO GET R.D OF OUR BOOTY FAST. ONE OF MY MEN SAW THIS PACKAGE THAT THE WOMAN'S SON WAS SENDING. SINCE HE ALSO WROTE A NOTE THAT IT WAS NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL HE CAME HOME, WE FOUND IT IDEAL!
SO YOU RATS SMUGGLED YOUR STUFF OUT OF ITALY BY USING THE PACKAGE THAT G.I WAS SENDING TO HIS MOTHER!
OF COURSE! WHO WOULD THINK TO SEARCH A SIMPLE SOLDIER'S PACKAGE FOR A FORTUNE? AT FIRST WE THOUGHT THE OLD WOMAN COULD BE FRIGHTENED INTO REVEALING IT---BUT NOW SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH --AS YOU DO --SO YOU ALL DIE!


HURRY WITH THAT BOMB! WE WILL SHOW THESE DOGS THAT THEY CANNOT CROSS US! TIE THE OLD ONE WELL, TOO!
IT IS ALMOST READY, ARMANDO!
RAFAEL! WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA TO DISPOSE OF OUR LOOT
ALL SET, ARMANDO!
GOOD! ONCE WE LEAVE, IF ANYONE OPENS THE DOOR, THE BOMB WILL GO OFF AND THEY SHALL WATCH THEIR DOOM COMING WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO SHOUT FOR HELP! IT IS FUNNY, NO?
ALONE WITH IMPENDING DOOM!
I'VE GOT TO GET THESE ROPES OFF BEFORE SOMEBODY COMES THROUGH THE DOOR! I MUST!
MINUTES OF ANXIOUS STRUGGLING! THEN... MRS CARR'S SON ARRIVES ...UNAWARE OF WHAT IS BEHIND THE DOOR!
IT'S THE SOLDIER! IF HE OPENS THAT DOOR ..
THE BLACK TERROR'S MASSIVE MUSCLES STRAIN AGAINST THE ROPES, AS THE RETURNING SOLDIER FITS THE KEY INTO THE LOCK!

THEN...A LAST MIGHTY SURGE OF POWER!
THE DOOR'S OPENING!
THE BLACK TERROR DIVES OUT OF THE BOMB!
JUST IN TIME! MY BODY MUFFLED THE EXPLOSION!
WHO...! MOTHER!
HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE, TIM!
SOME HOME-COMING FOR A HERO!
WHAT HAPPENED?
MY... BOY!
WELCOME HOME, SOLDIER! ALTHOUGH YOU ALMOST UNWITTINGLY BLEW US ALL UP!
THE BLACK TERROR!
LET'S GIVE THEM A MINUTE, TIM!
YOU'RE ALIVE...! I KNEW IT! THOSE MEN...!
SURE...I'M FINE! WHAT MEN? WHAT HAPPENED?
THE BLACK TERROR EXPLAINS!
...AND THEY FINALLY MANAGED TO GET THE PACKAGE! THEN THEY PUT UP THAT BOMB DECOY TO BLOW US ALL UP!
YES...I REMEMBER WRITING MOTHER NOT TO OPEN THE PACKAGE! I HAD A GIFT IN THERE FOR HER. IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THOSE SKUNKS...
LEAVE THAT TO US! C'MON, TERROR... TIME'S MOVING. THEIR SHIP TO SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE PULLING OUT SOON!

WE'LL BE BACK AND TELL YOU THE FINISH! WE'VE GOT TO GO NOW!
WAIT---!
IF YOU WON'T LET ME GO WITH YOU---DON'T FORGET TO BRING BACK MY PACKAGE!
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL BRING BACK WHATEVER BELONGS TO YOU!
MIND IF WE BORROW THESE? WE'RE IN A HURRY TO CAGE SOME RATS.
THE BLACK TERROR! NO... TAKE 'EM!
LOOK! IT'S THE TERROR TWINS!
WOW!... LOOK AT THEM GO!
SUDDENLY... CAUGHT IN A TRAFFIC JAM!
WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE BOAT IN TIME NOW! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THROUGH?
HANG ON, TIM! ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
NICE GOING, TERROR!

LOOK! THERE GOES THE BOAT!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
TOOT···TOOOOOOT!
COMING THROUGH!
HUH?
SEIZING THE ANCHOR CHAIN···
WHOA!
SHOOT THE DOG!
BANG! BANG!
HE'S COMING UP HERE!
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU RATS!
PARDON MY FOOT
UGH!
YOK!
YOU'LL FIND MY FIST MORE SOOTHING!
SAVE ONE FOR ME TERROR
WHAM!

IT'S THE BLACK TERROR! MAKE WAY, FOLKS!
HE MUST HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH SOME CROOKS!
I THINK WE CAN WRITE FINISH TO THIS LITTLE CHAPTER!
HERE'S THE POLICE, TERROR! THESE CROOKS ARE ALL WRAPPED UP FOR DELIVERY!
POW!
YOU'LL FIND THAT MOST OF THIS PROPERTY WAS LOOTED FROM ITALY. BETTER TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES FOR DISPOSAL!
WE WILL, TERROR! THEY WOULD HAVE GOT AWAY WITH IT, TOO, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU!
LOOK, TERROR... HERE'S PART OF THE SOLDIER'S PACKAGE I FOUND IN THEIR BAGGAGE!
AS THE SHIP SAILS, MINUS THE CRIMINALS...
I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS PACKAGE BACK TO THE SOLDIER! HE SEEMED VERY ANXIOUS ABOUT IT.
SURE THING! PROBABLY HAS SOME OF HIS OWN SOUVENIRS IN IT!
Shortly afterwards...
WELL, IT'S ALL BEEN CLEARED UP! HERE'S YOUR PACKAGE!
GEE, THANKS, TERROR! THANKS A LOT!
THIS IS FOR YOU MOM! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO OPEN THE PACKAGE UNTIL I CAME HOME! I WANTED TO PUT IT ON YOU MYSELF!
OHHHH...IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
INVITED TO CELEBRATE THE SOLDIER'S RETURN...
MMMMM...MOST DELICIOUS CHICKEN I EVER TASTED!
WE CAN REALLY CELEBRATE TODAY, THANKS TO THE BLACK TERROR.
NO! WE CAN CELEBRATE, THANKS TO MILLIONS OF SOLDIERS LIKE YOUR SON! THEY WON THE VICTORY FOR US
ANOTHER SMASHING ACTION STORY WITH THE BLACK TERROR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

BIGGER and BETTER

Didn't your mother ever tell you about
COUGH!
COUGHING IS OFFENSIVE!
FAMOUS COUGH DROP
RELIEVES COUGHS* 3 WAYS
*due to colds
Eases tickling.
Soothes dry membranes.
Helps loosen phlegm.
"WHY IS A COUGHER LIKE A KID IN THE COAL BIN?"
"BECAUSE THEY BOTH GET A DIRTY LOOK."
SMITH BROTHERS BLACK COUGH DROPS
SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS 5 CENTS
STILL ONLY 5¢
BLACK OR MENTHOL
Use Smith Brothers Menthol Cough Drops for stuffy nose

YOUNG PUZZLESMITH

By EDWARD HASSET

DOUGLAS ALLEN'S father had a fascinating job. He worked for a big game company which was making new kinds of games, and also created puzzles and tricks for publication in one of the city's largest newspapers.

Young Douglas liked to work out puzzle ideas himself. One night he was busy in his father's workroom waiting for Lieutenant Garry McMann, a good friend of his, who often came in to talk over new types of puzzles.

When the door opened behind him, Douglas thought it was the police lieutenant, but when he looked up it was to see a rough-looking, scar-faced man in khaki clothing who held a gun in his hand.

"So you're alone, hey Kid? This is better luck than I had any right to expect. Come on, let's take a walk."

"What's the idea?" Douglas asked calmly. "If you want to rob the place, go right ahead. I'm not foolish enough to jump your gun."

"I don't have to rob your house," the kidnaper replied "If I take you along with me, your father will pay plenty to get you back, and I won't have to worry about dealing with a fence or anything like that."

There was something familiar about the would-be kidnaper, and Douglas was sure he had seen the fellow's face when going through some of the identification pictures down at police headquarters with Lieutenant McMann. But he couldn't remember the name.

"I'm working on a puzzle," Douglas said. "I'd like to finish it before I leave with you. It'll only take a couple of minutes. Folks know that we Allens wouldn't stop in the middle of a puzzle unless something serious happened."

The scar-faced man didn't want to arouse any suspicion until he was well away with the boy, so he agreed to the request But he watched carefully as Douglas worked on the puzzle, writing down a lot

of numbers that covered all parts of the sheet of drawing paper on which he was working.

Not more than ten minutes later, the kidnaper ushered Douglas out into his car, and then drove off. He looked all about to make certain that he was not being followed, then he headed for a run-down part of town where he had a room in an old abandoned frame house.

He drove his car into a shed in the rear of the building, locked it up, and then took the boy into the boarded-up house. When Douglas was tied up, the man said:

"Okay, son. Now I'll write your Dad an interesting letter. I'll sign it the Ghost. If I signed my real name, the cops would probably be finding it easier to check on me. They all know Dutch Galvin."

"Dutch Galvin!" Now the boy recognized the man. His hunch had been correct, but it was too late to do anything about it now—or was it? Galvin wrote the note, instructed Mr. Allen to leave the ransom money a long ways from the ramshackle house, and planned to leave a note giving the location of the prison of the boy.

He tied up Douglas securely and went to deliver the message. While he was gone, there was the sound of someone prowling outside the house. Suddenly a voice called:

"Are you there, Doug?" It was Lieutenant McMann.

"Right in here," called the boy, happily. In a few moments Lieutenant McMann was in the house and cutting the lad's bonds. Then they both waited until Galvin returned. Douglas and the Lieutenant jumped out at the kidnaper. There was a brief scuffle, and finally he was taken prisoner. But there was a look of surprise on his face.

"What brought you here?" he demanded.

"Douglas and his puzzle," laughed the detective-lieutenant. "Those numbers he marked down were a cinch. By following them from 1 to 100 I drew a picture of you, which showed your identifying scar —and I knew right where to find you!"

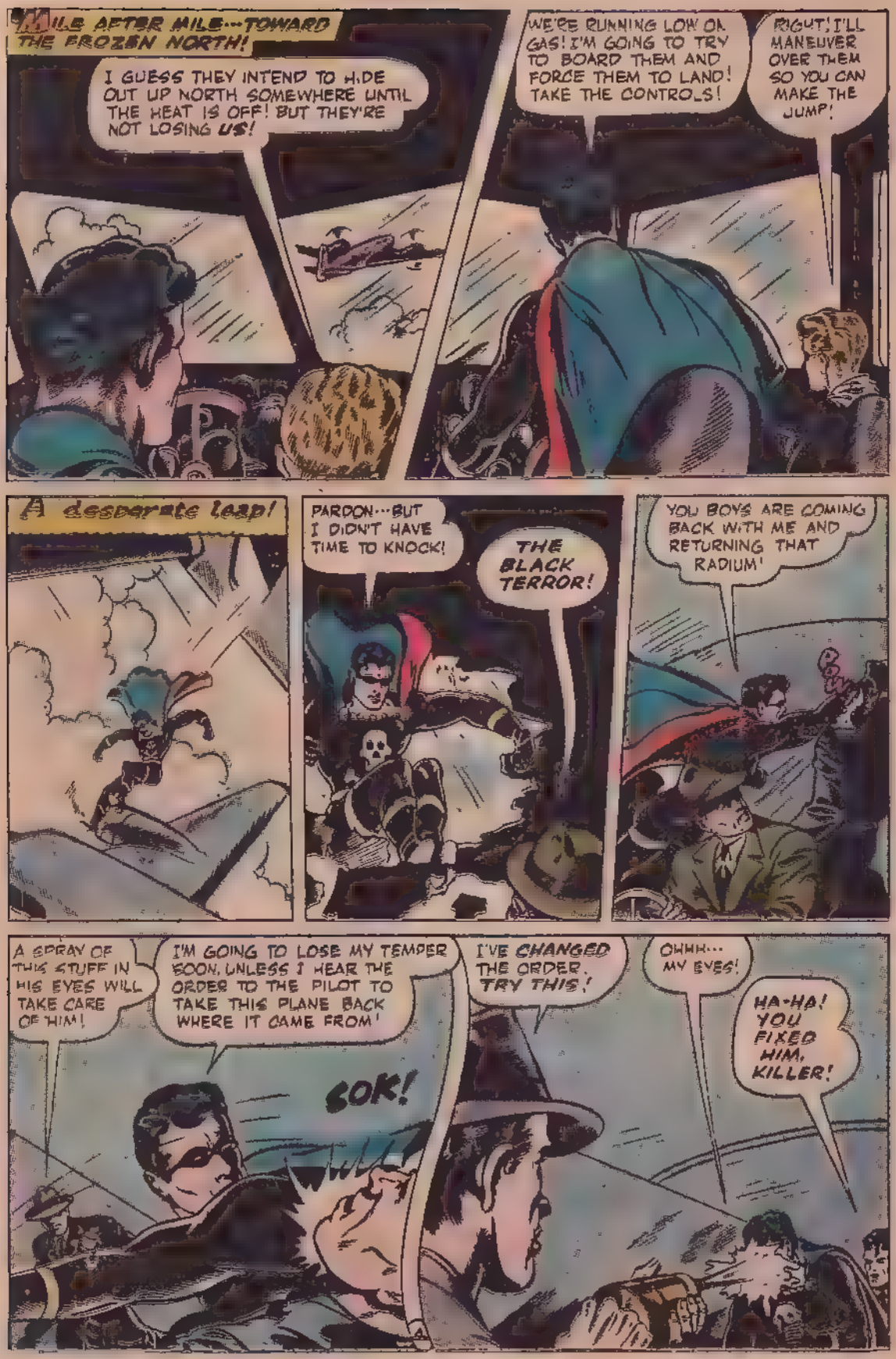
Lieutenant McMann patted Douglas on the shoulder, and they both laughed

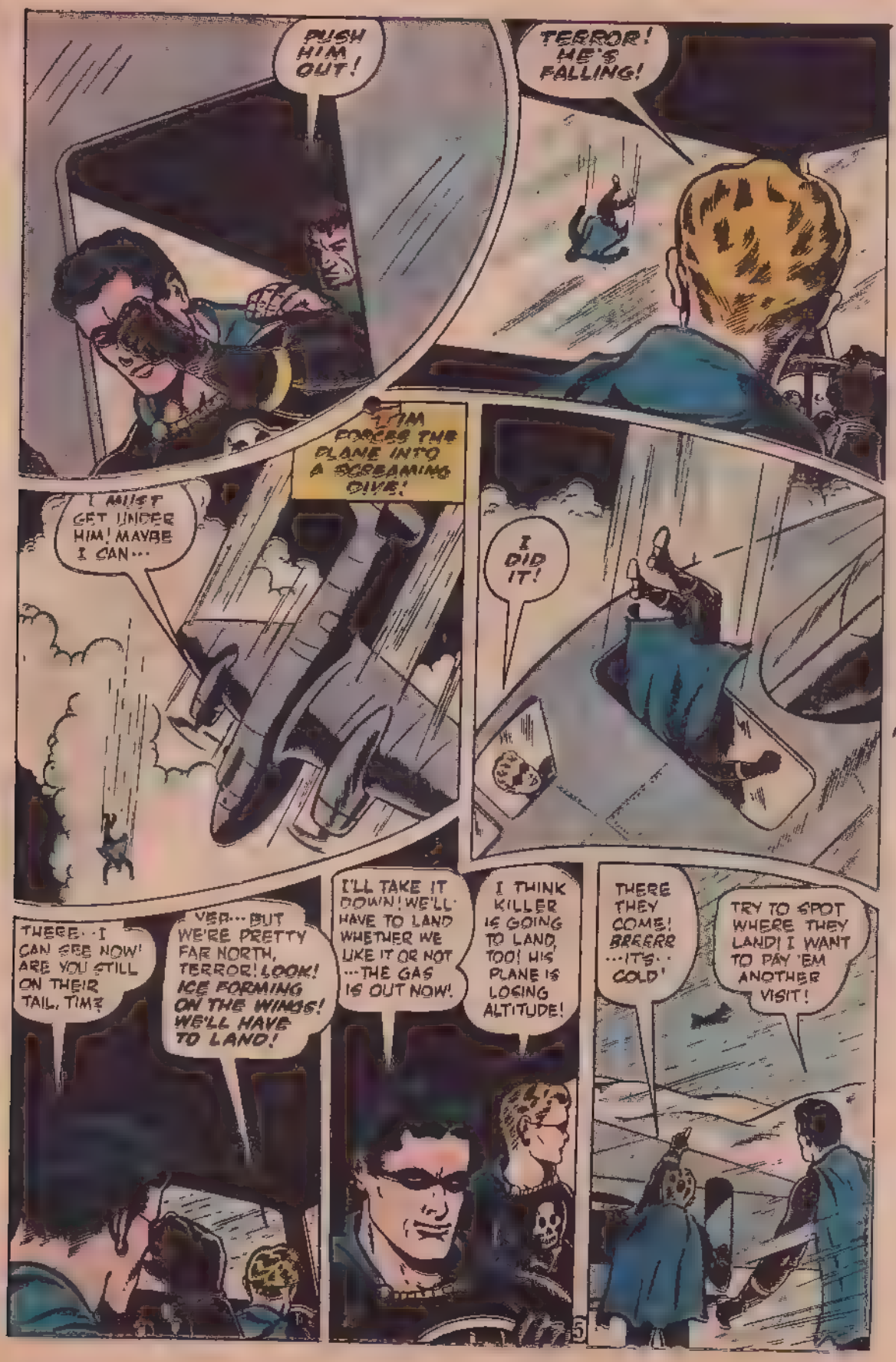
Doug Allen Springs a Baffler on a Kidnaper!

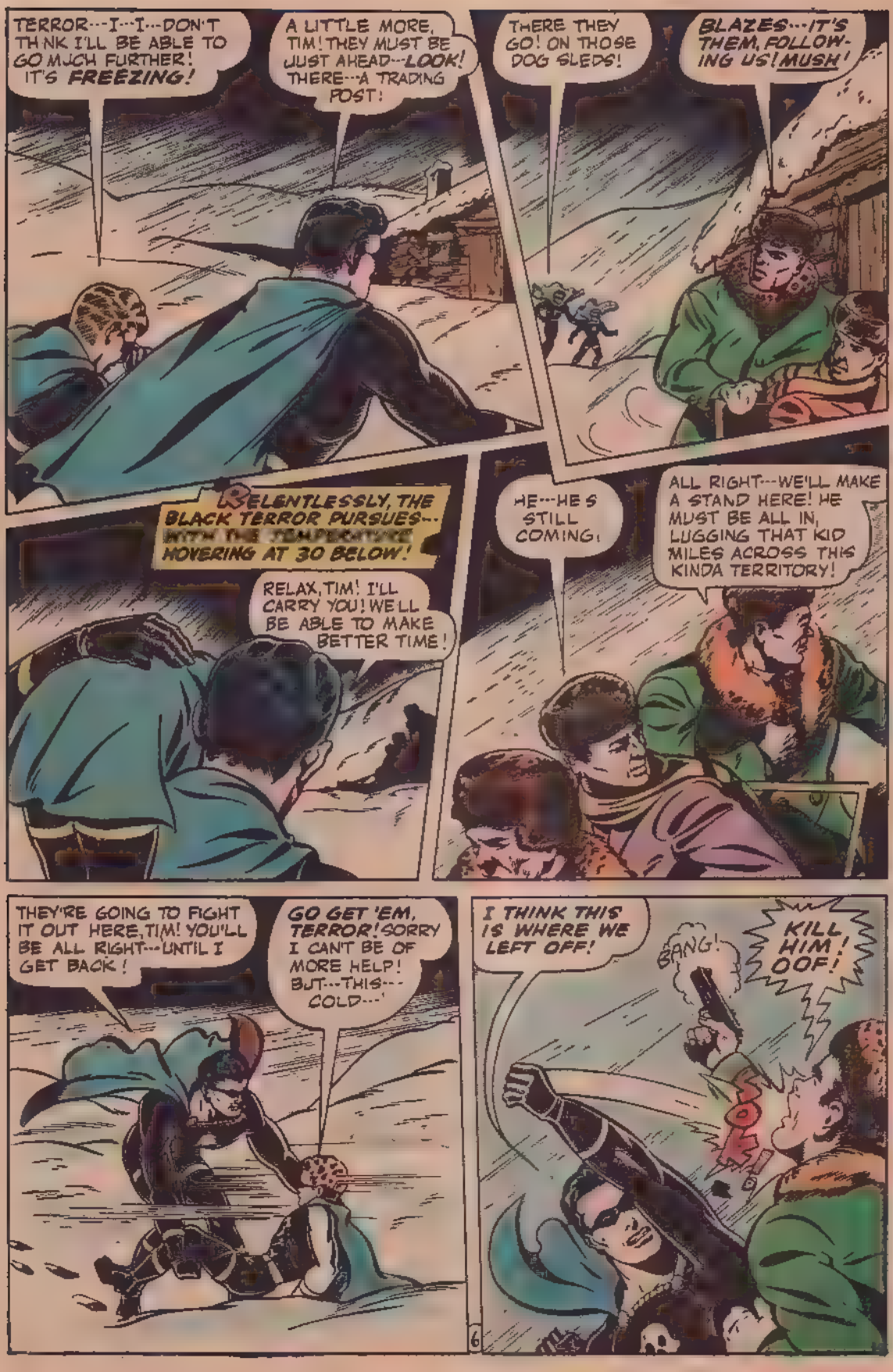
The Black Terror
THE FROZEN WASTES OF THE FAR NORTH SERVE AS A THRILL-PACKED BACKGROUND FOR ONE OF THE BLACK TERROR'S STRANGEST ADVENTURES! HERE'S AN EXCITING STORY OF HOW BOB BENTON... IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD A MEEK YOUNG DRUGGIST... USES HIS FIGHTING GUISE TO TRACK DOWN ONE OF CRIME'S DEADLIEST CZARS! READY FOR ACTION? LET'S GO!
EXTREE! READ ALL ABOUT IT! KILLER HEARN ESCAPES FROM JAIL! GANG FREES UNDERWORLD BOSS!
HEAR THAT, BOB?
GET A PAPER, TIM!
HMMMM... TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN HELPED HIM SHOOT HIS WAY OUT! I HOPE THE POLICE GET HIM SOON.
MAYBE THE BLACK TERROR AND HIS PAL OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, INSTEAD OF JUST DELIVERING MEDICINE TO THE HOSPITAL!
HOSPITAL
1

BOB... LISTEN!
SHOTS! LET'S GO!
BANG! BANG!
STAND BACK... OR I'LL PLUG YOU!
EX.
PLEASE... YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT RADIUM. IT'S FOR THE SICK.
UP AND AT 'EM, TIM!
WHAM!
LET'S SEE YOUR UGLY FACE... IT'S KILLER HEARN!
BLAST YOU!
POW!
SUDDENLY... SNEAK BLOWS CRASH DOWN!
GOT 'EM! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
THUD!
SOK!
THEY'RE JUST STUNNED! GET ME SOME WATER!
OHHHH!
THEY ESCAPED WITH A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF RADIUM!
HMMM...! THEY MUST BE STOPPED!

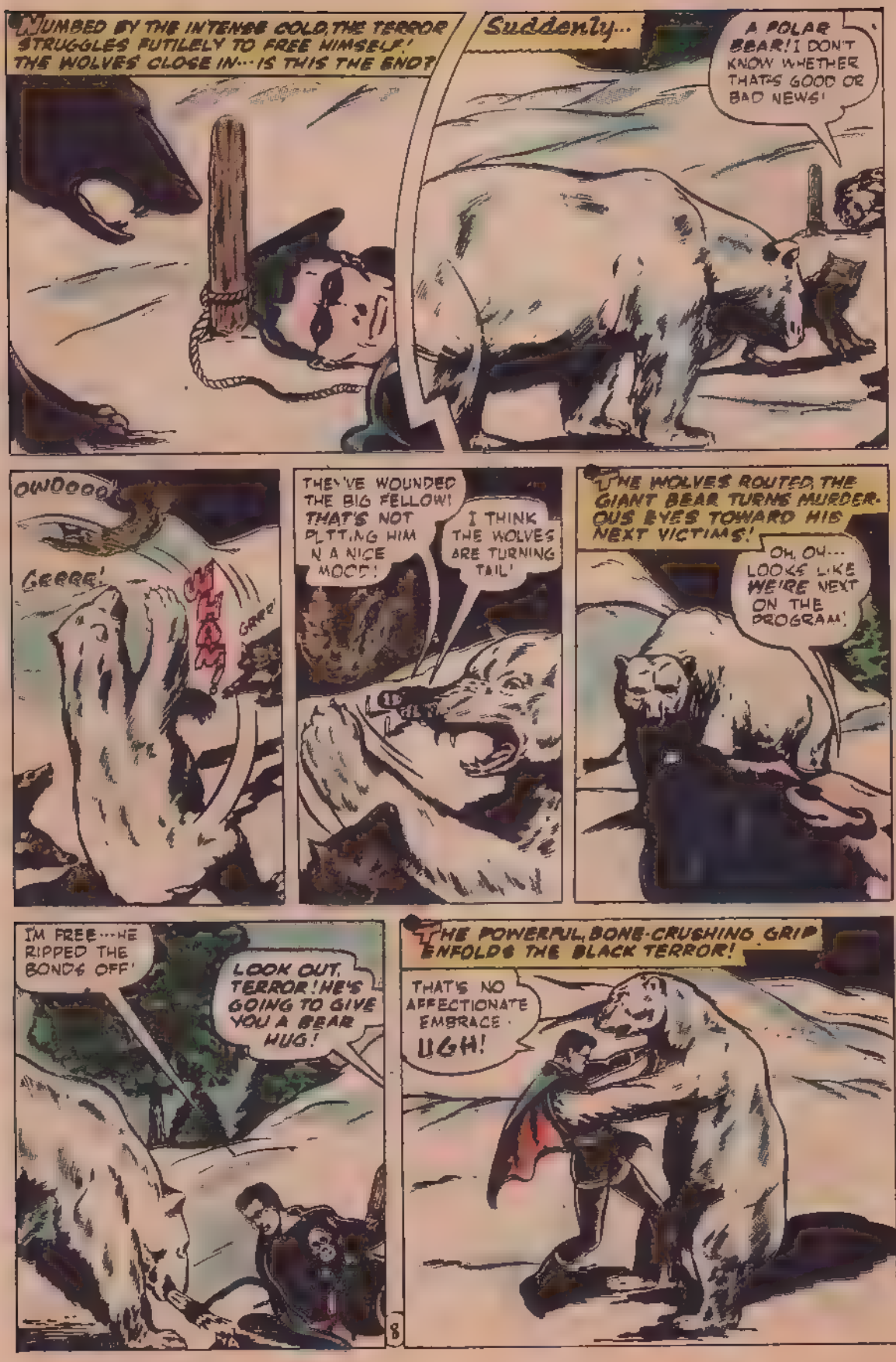
IN THE SECLUSION OF AN ALLEY ADJOINING THE HOSPITAL···
I THINK WE'LL ACT ON YOUR SUGGESTION AND LET THE BLACK TERROR TAKE A HAND IN GETTING THAT RAT, KILLER HEARN!
YIPPPEEE! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
I HEAR A POLICE CAR COMING, TERROR: MAYBE THEY HAVE A LEAD ON WHERE KILLER AND HIS MEN ESCAPED TO!
MIND IF WE BORROW YOUR BIKE, SON?
WOW··· THE BLACK TERROR! NO··NO···GO AHEAD!
THE BLACK TERROR! HE'S KEEPING UP WITH US ON A BIKE!
WE'RE AFTER KILLER HEARN, TOO! ANY IDEA WHERE HE HEADED FOR?
WE GOT A FLASH THAT HE WAS GOING TOWARDS THE AIRPORT!
LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!
THEY RE TRYING FOR A GETAWAY IN THAT PLANE
THEY'VE TAKEN OFF! WE'LL USE THIS PLANE TO CHASE 'EM!
GO TO IT, TERROR!
THE SKY CHASE BEGINS!
THEY'VE GOT A GOOD HEADSTART ON US··· BUT WE'LL GET 'EM IF WE HAVE TO CHASE THEM AROUND THE WORLD!
3

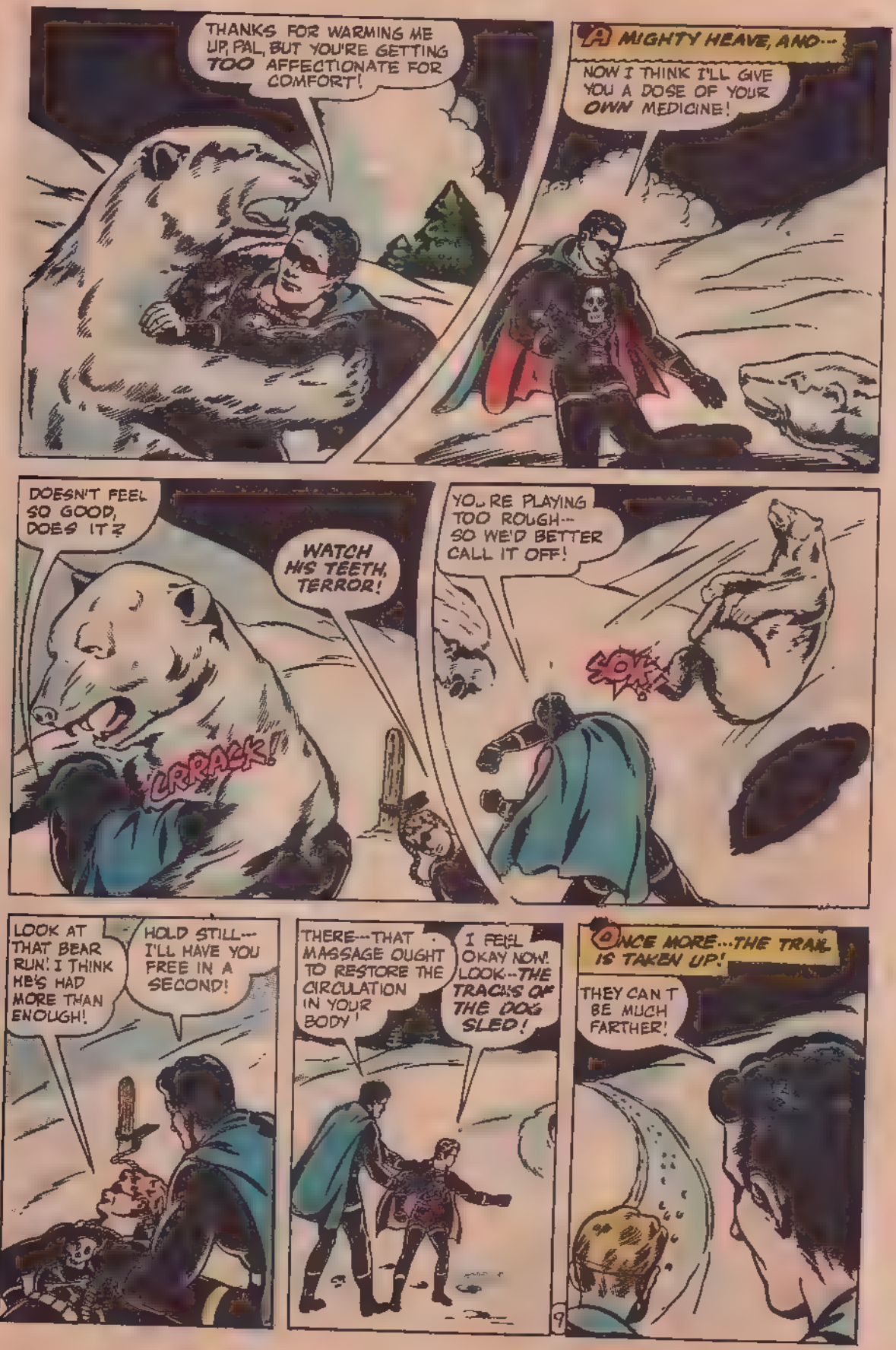

MILE AFTER MILE···TOWARD THE FROZEN NORTH!
I GUESS THEY INTEND TO HIDE OUT UP NORTH SOMEWHERE UNTIL THE HEAT IS OFF! BUT THEY'RE NOT LOSING US!
WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON GAS! I'M GOING TO TRY TO BOARD THEM AND FORCE THEM TO LAND! TAKE THE CONTROLS!
RIGHT! I'LL MANEUVER OVER THEM SO YOU CAN MAKE THE JUMP!
A desperate leap!
PARDON···BUT I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO KNOCK!
THE BLACK TERROR!
YOU BOYS ARE COMING BACK WITH ME AND RETURNING THAT RADIUM!
A SPRAY OF THIS STUFF IN HIS EYES WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
I'M GOING TO LOSE MY TEMPER SOON, UNLESS I HEAR THE ORDER TO THE PILOT TO TAKE THIS PLANE BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM!
SOK!
I'VE CHANGED THE ORDER. TRY THIS!
OWWH··· MY EYES!
HA-HA! YOU FIXED HIM, KILLER!


PUSH HIM OUT!
TERROR! HE'S FALLING!
TIM FORCES THE PLANE INTO A SCREAMING DIVE!
I MUST GET UNDER HIM! MAYBE I CAN...
I DID IT!
THERE... I CAN SEE NOW! ARE YOU STILL ON THEIR TAIL, TIM?
YEP... BUT WE'RE PRETTY FAR NORTH, TERROR! LOOK! ICE FORMING ON THE WINGS! WE'LL HAVE TO LAND!
I'LL TAKE IT DOWN! WE'LL HAVE TO LAND WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT ...THE GAS IS OUT NOW!
I THINK KILLER IS GOING TO LAND, TOO! HIS PLANE IS LOSING ALTITUDE!
THERE THEY COME! BRRERR ...IT'S... COLD!
TRY TO SPOT WHERE THEY LAND! I WANT TO PAY 'EM ANOTHER VISIT!


TERROR---I---I---DON'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO GO MUCH FURTHER! IT'S FREEZING!
A LITTLE MORE, TIM! THEY MUST BE JUST AHEAD---LOOK! THERE---A TRADING POST!
THERE THEY GO! ON THOSE DOG SLEDS!
BLAZES---IT'S THEM, FOLLOWING US! MUSH!
RELENTLESSLY, THE BLACK TERROR PURSUES--- WITH THE TEMPERATURE HOVERING AT 30 BELOW!
RELAX, TIM! I'LL CARRY YOU! WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE BETTER TIME!
HE---HE'S STILL COMING!
ALL RIGHT---WE'LL MAKE A STAND HERE! HE MUST BE ALL IN, LUGGING THAT KID MILES ACROSS THIS KINDA TERRITORY!
THEY'RE GOING TO FIGHT IT OUT HERE, TIM! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT---UNTIL I GET BACK!
GO GET 'EM, TERROR! SORRY I CAN'T BE OF MORE HELP! BUT---THIS--- COLD---'
I THINK THIS IS WHERE WE LEFT OFF!
BANG!
KILL HIM! OOF!
SOK!
6

I CAME ALL THE WAY UP HERE TO TAKE YOU RATS BACK, SO YOU BETTER START PACKING!
I'LL GET HIM YET!
BIT OFF MORE N YA COULD CHEW, EH, STRONG MAN?
OHHHH!
CRACK!
HERE'S THE LITTLE ONE, KILLER! HE'S ALMOST THROUGH NOW!
WAIT A MINUTE, BLITCH! DON'T SHOOT HIM--- IT WOULD BE TOO EASY! I GOT A BETTER IDEA!
TIE 'EM GOOD! WE'LL LEAVE 'EM OUT HERE TO FREEZE TO DEATH---IF THE WOLVES DON'T GET TO 'EM FIRST!
YOU SURE GOT A HEAD ON YER SHOULDERS, KILLER!
NOW WE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! WE HOLE UP IN THAT CABIN FOR THE WINTER UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF, AND THEN A FENCE WILL TAKE THAT MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF RADIUM OFF OUR HANDS!
MILES FROM THE NEAREST HABITATION, THE HELPLESS TERROR TWINS FACE A PACK OF FAMISHED WOLVES!
MUST GET FREE---! HAVE---TO---GET--- THESE ROPES ---OFF---!
OWWOOOOOOOO!


NUMBED BY THE INTENSE COLD, THE TERROR STRUGGLES FUTILELY TO FREE HIMSELF! THE WOLVES CLOSE IN··· IS THIS THE END?
Suddenly...
A POLAR BEAR! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THAT'S GOOD OR BAD NEWS!
OWOOOO!
GRRRR!
KLAM
GRR!
THEY'VE WOUNDED THE BIG FELLOW! THAT'S NOT PLTTING HIM N A NICE MOOD!
I THINK THE WOLVES ARE TURNING TAIL!
THE WOLVES ROUTED, THE GIANT BEAR TURNS MURDEROUS EYES TOWARD HIS NEXT VICTIMS!
OH, OH··· LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NEXT ON THE PROGRAM!
I'M FREE···HE RIPPED THE BONDS OFF!
LOOK OUT, TERROR! HE'S GOING TO GIVE YOU A BEAR HUG!
THE POWERFUL, BONE-CRUSHING GRIP ENFOLDS THE BLACK TERROR!
THAT'S NO AFFECTIONATE EMBRACE · UGH!
8


THANKS FOR WARMING ME UP, PAL, BUT YOU'RE GETTING TOO AFFECTIONATE FOR COMFORT!
A MIGHTY HEAVE, AND--
NOW I THINK I'LL GIVE YOU A DOSE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
DOESN'T FEEL SO GOOD, DOES IT?
WATCH HIS TEETH, TERROR!
CRRACK!
YOU RE PLAYING TOO ROUGH-- SO WE'D BETTER CALL IT OFF!
SOK!
LOOK AT THAT BEAR RUN! I THINK HE'S HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH!
HOLD STILL-- I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!
THERE--THAT MASSAGE OUGHT TO RESTORE THE CIRCULATION IN YOUR BODY!
I FEEL OKAY NOW! LOOK--THE TRACKS OF THE DOG SLED!
ONCE MORE--THE TRAIL IS TAKEN UP!
THEY CAN'T BE MUCH FARTHER!
9

THERE! THAT SMOKE! WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM!
THOSE RATS ARE IN FOR A SURPRISE!
LIKE AVENGING BLACK ANGELS, THE TERROR AND TIM ADVANCE TOWARD THEIR QUARRY!
IT'S THEM! THEY'RE COMING... HERE!
GET THE GUNS! THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE!
THEY'VE BEEN LIQUOR! BETTER STAY HERE UNDER COVER UNTIL I CAN CLOSE IN ON THEM!
BANG! BANG!
COME OUT IN THE OPEN, KILLER... WHERE I CAN SEE YOU AND YOUR FELLOW RATS!
HOLY S-SMOKE!
THIS IS ROUND-UP TIME FOR KILLERS! HERE'S MY BRAND!
YOU DON'T LOOK SO HAPPY AT SEEING ME AGAIN!
IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME... BUT HERE IT IS!
TERROR! I'VE GOT IT! THE RADIUM!
A SHORT TIME LATER... AT A NEARBY POST OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE...
THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY! NOW I'D LIKE A PLANE TO GET 'EM BACK TO THE STATES!
WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT FOR YOU! YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, TERROR!
ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE
ANOTHER PULSE-POUNDING ACTION STORY WITH THE TERROR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!
10

HOUR OF PERIL

By CHARLES S. STRONG

A Suburban Lad Faces Grim Danger When Killers Stalk!

HARRY MILLER was the son of a prominent lawyer who had been involved in a good many important criminal cases. His success had made it possible for him to purchase a fine estate in a large suburban community outside a big city.

Like many successful lawyers, George Miller frequently came into contact with hardened criminals, and several of them were outspoken in court about how they were going to get even with George Miller because of his work as a special assistant district attorney.

One night, just before Mrs. Miller was going to leave for a bridge party, she told her husband and son:

"There's one thing I don't like about a suburban home. That's the isolation. Some of those crooks you've sent to the pen could come in here and get you, and no one would know anything about it until it was too late."

"Don't worry about that," young Harry assured his mother. "We'll take care of them if they come."

It was almost as though the mother's statement was prophetic, for she hadn't been gone for more than fifteen or twenty minutes when the doorbell rang and Harry went to answer it. Two rough men pushed their way in with guns in their hands and one of them asked:

"Where's your father?"

George Miller came out of the library at this moment and said:

"Jake Foster and Marvin Diercks, so you're out of jail, are you?"

"Sure thing," agreed Foster, "and the first place we headed for was here. Judging from the looks of this place you're doing all right. We ought to be able to get even with you, and collect some real getaway money at the same time."

Mr. Miller studied the men calmly, then said:

"You may get away with this, but next time you'll go up for murder, and not for robbery. That'll mean the chair."

"This ain't going to be no murder," Foster assured them. "We saw the Missus go out of here. She won't be back for two or three hours. We just lock you into the kitchen, stuff the cracks with paper, and turn on the gas. When she comes back, she thinks you got discouraged, and committed suicide. The empty safe will show how you spent all your money, and didn't want to live any longer."

The gangsters tied up the father and son, and placed them in the kitchen. Then they locked the doors and stuffed the cracks, and just before leaving they turned on all the gas jets on the stove.

"You ought to be unconscious by the time we crack the safe," Foster said. "It'll be safe then to take the ropes off you."

The two burglars went away. Then father and son were alone with the hissing gas. George Miller was rather excitable, but Harry, the boy, was thinking about some of the things he had learned about knots as a naval cadet. He slid himself up along the wall and threw a switch. Then he said:

"Stay down close to the floor, and we'll be all right. In the meantime we'll try to untie these knots."

Father and son worked on the ropes, and finally Harry got his bonds off, and secured a knife from the drawer to cut his father free.

More than an hour went by. There was a strong odor of gas in the kitchen, but not enough to put them out. Harry and his father listened for footsteps and finally heard the gangsters coming to the door. The crooks took the wadding from under the door and opened it. Immediately father and son leaped at them, and the surprise of their charge was enough to bowl over the men.

Soon the ropes that had bound the Millers were on Foster and Diercks.

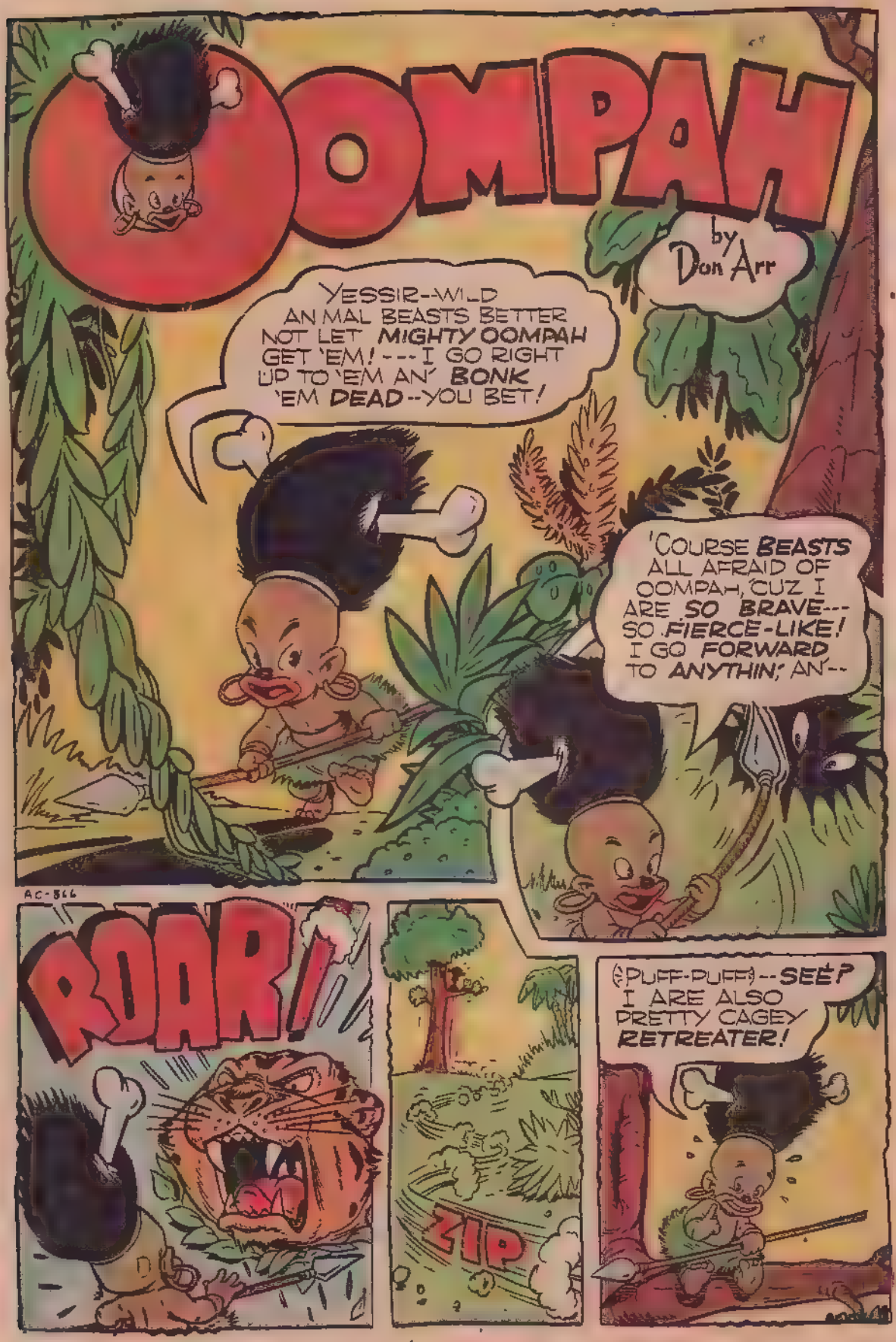
While George Miller phoned for the police to come and get the escaped criminals, Harry went over and turned off the gas jets.

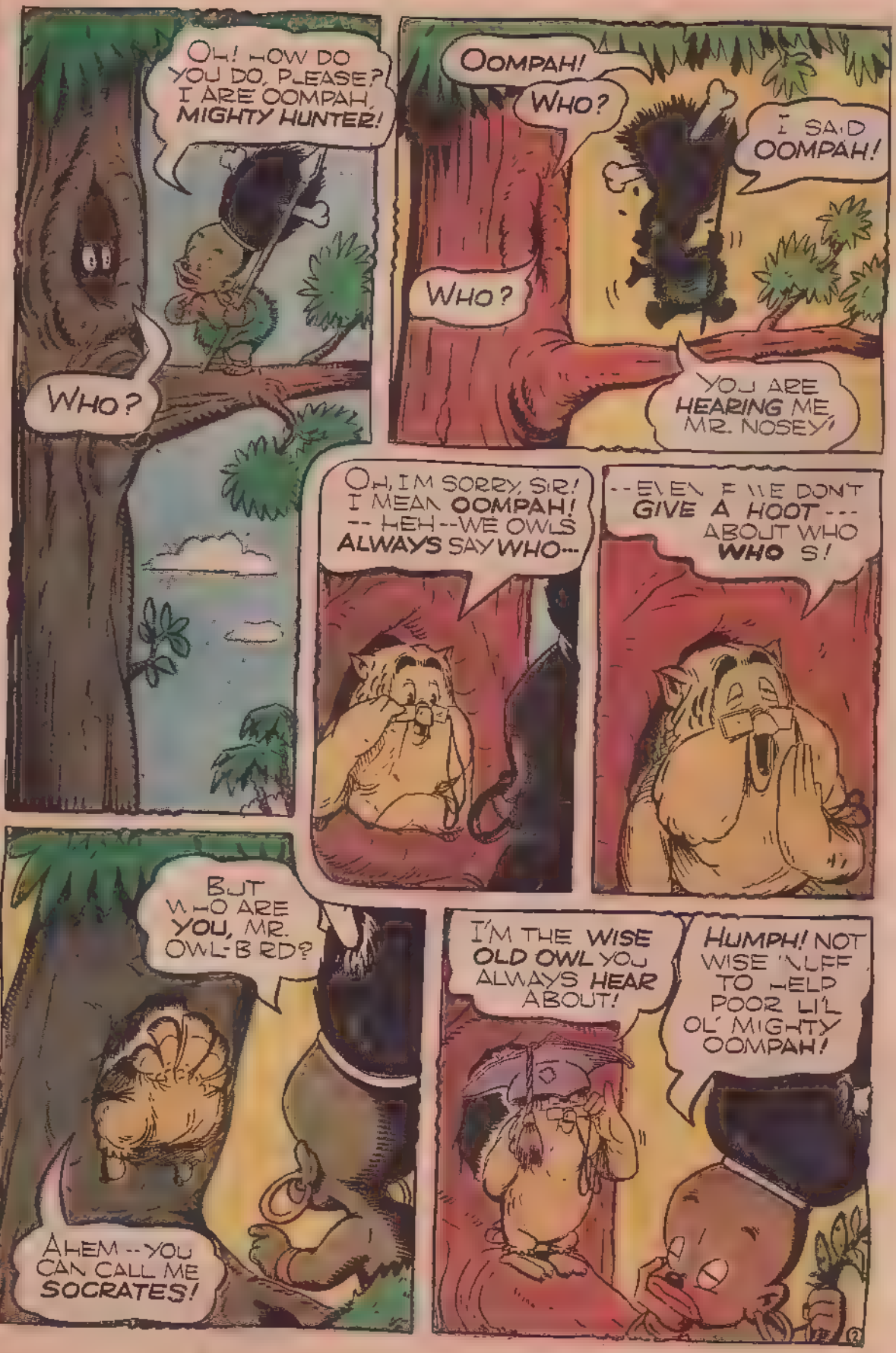
Foster was puzzled.

"What happened here?" he asked. "You fellows have been in here an hour with that gas turned on, and it didn't harm you at all!"

"Certainly not," laughed Harry, "because we have the air conditioning unit turned on. It brings in fresh air under the sink, and blows out the foul air over the closets."

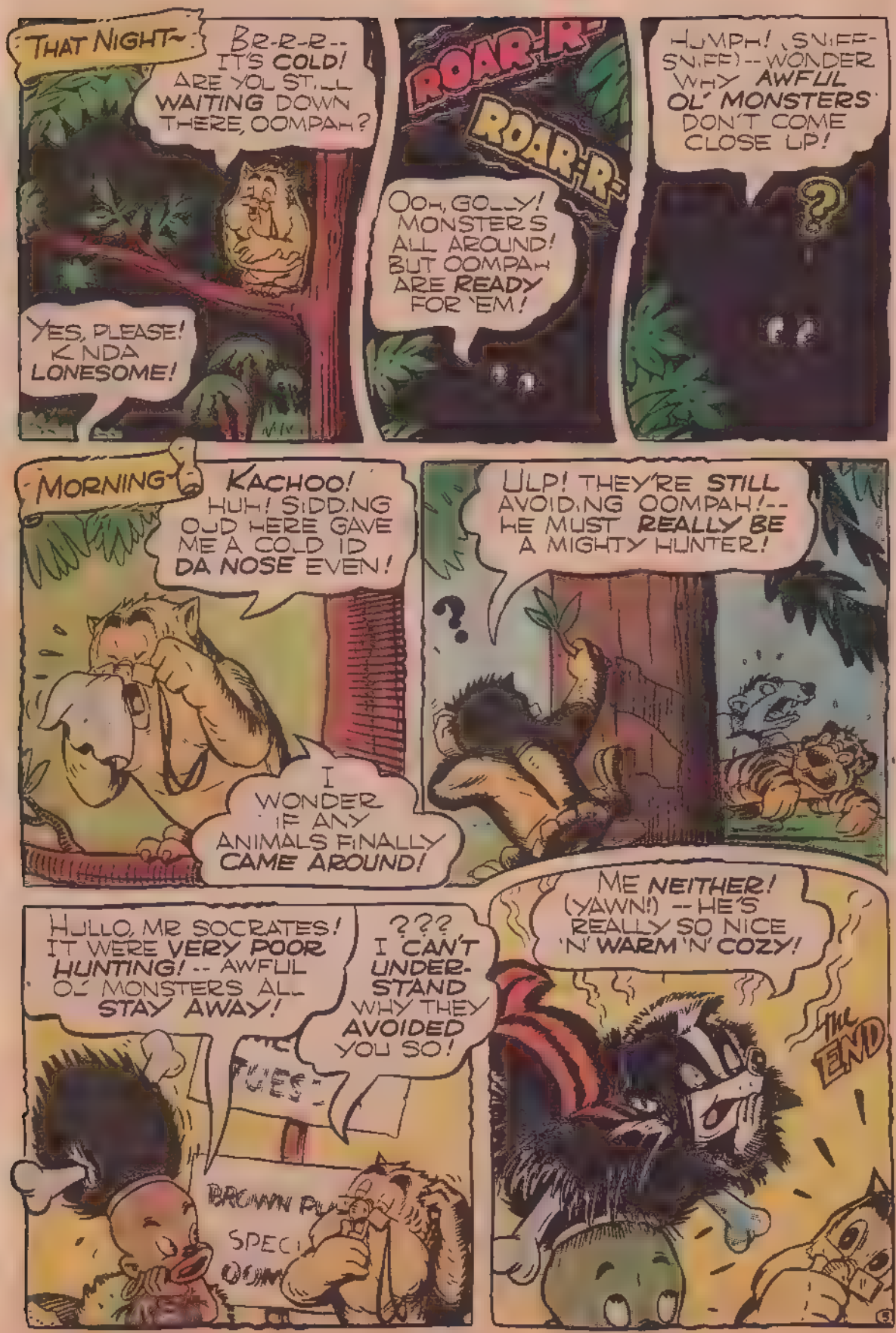
The Millers laughed. Foster and Diercks certainly weren't used to modern suburban living!


OOMPAH
by Don Arr
YESSIR--WILD ANIMAL BEASTS BETTER NOT LET MIGHTY OOMPAH GET 'EM! --- I GO RIGHT UP TO 'EM AN' BONK 'EM DEAD--YOU BET!
'COURSE BEASTS ALL AFRAID OF OOMPAH, 'CUZ I ARE SO BRAVE--- SO FIERCE-LIKE! I GO FORWARD TO ANYTHIN,' AN'--
AC-866
ROAR!
ZIP
(PUFF-PUFF)--SEE? I ARE ALSO PRETTY CAGEY RETREATER!


OH! HOW DO YOU DO, PLEASE? I ARE OOMPAH, MIGHTY HUNTER!
WHO?
OOMPAH!
WHO?
I SAID OOMPAH!
WHO?
YOU ARE HEARING ME, MR. NOSEY!
OH, I'M SORRY, SIR! I MEAN OOMPAH! -- HEH -- WE OWLS ALWAYS SAY WHO--
--EVEN IF WE DON'T GIVE A HOOT --- ABOUT WHO WHO S!
BUT WHO ARE YOU, MR. OWL-BIRD?
AHEM -- YOU CAN CALL ME SOCRATES!
I'M THE WISE OLD OWL YOU ALWAYS HEAR ABOUT!
HUMPH! NOT WISE 'NUFF TO HELP POOR LI'L OL' MIGHTY OOMPAH!

AHEM! WELL, I'M RATHER GOOD AT PROBLEMS! WHAT'S YOURS!
I NO CAN FIND "HUNTING MATERIAL" MIGHTY ENOUGH FOR MIGHTY ME!
ME WANT MONSTER BEASTS FOR TO DEMOLISH!
ER--MONSTERS? ARE YOU SURE?
YES, PLEASE -- LIFE VERY BORING HUNTING ONLY LITTLE BEASTS!
HMM-M-- DEAR ME! THEN I'LL HAVE TO TRY TO HELP YOU!
JUST ONE OR TWO MONSTERS WILL BE SATISFACTORY!
AH, YES-- I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY ---I HOPE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER ---
I'VE GOT ONE, OOMPAH! (PUFF) HERE'S A MONSTER FOR YOU! (PUFF-PUFF)
HUMPH! FOR ME HIM SAYS -- AN' TAKES IT AWAY BY HE' SELF!

PUFF-PUFF WELL, WHY D DN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?
OOMPAH ARE POLITE! NEVER STEAL OTHER PEOPLE'S MONSTERS!
CENSORED
WELL, IF YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR OWN MONSTERS -- WE'LL HAVE TO DO "VICE VERSA"!
THAT'S LATIN --- MEANING MAKE THEM COME AND FIND YOU!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
MEATFUL TUESDAY
FREE LUNCH
DINNER IS SERVED!
BROWN PLATE SPECIAL! OOMPAH!
YUM YUM!
NOW WHEN A "GIGANTUS CARNIVORUS" COMES FOR YOU -- ER -- YOU MERELY -- ER -- VANQUISH HIM!
CARNIV -- ?
THAT'S LATIN, TOO! AH, YES. CONSIDER CAREFULLY ALL "UNGULATA" AND "MONOTREMATA" BUT IGNORE THE "INSECTIVORA"! -- S THAT CLEAR?
NO, PLEASE! --- ALL OOMPAH WANTED WAS MONSTERS!
4


THAT NIGHT~
BR-R-R-- IT'S COLD! ARE YOU STILL WAITING DOWN THERE, OOMPAH?
YES, PLEASE! KINDA LONESOME!
ROAR-R-
ROAR-R-
OOH, GOLLY! MONSTERS ALL AROUND! BUT OOMPAH ARE READY FOR 'EM!
HUMPH! (SNIFF-SNIFF) -- WONDER WHY AWFUL OL' MONSTERS DON'T COME CLOSE UP!
?
MORNING~
KACHOO! HUH! SIDDING OUD HERE GAVE ME A COLD ID DA NOSE EVEN!
I WONDER IF ANY ANIMALS FINALLY CAME AROUND!
ULP! THEY'RE STILL AVOIDING OOMPAH!-- HE MUST REALLY BE A MIGHTY HUNTER!
?
HULLO, MR SOCRATES! IT WERE VERY POOR HUNTING! -- AWFUL OL' MONSTERS ALL STAY AWAY!
???
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY AVOIDED YOU SO!
TUES
BROWN
SPEC
ME NEITHER! (YAWN!) -- HE'S REALLY SO NICE 'N' WARM 'N' COZY!
THE END

"FOILED AGAIN"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of The Black Terror, published Quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946 State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H L. Herbert, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Black Terro. and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit 1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are Publisher, Visual Editions, Inc., 10 East 40th Street, New York N Y., Editor, N L. Pines, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N Y . Managing Editor, None , Business Manager, H. L. Herbert, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N Y 2 That the owner is Visual Editions, Inc., 10 East 40th Street, New York, N Y . N. L. Pines 10 East 40th Street, New York, N Y 3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are None 4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant s full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stock holders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. H. L. Herbert, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1946 Eugene Wechsler, Notary Public My commission expires March 30, 1948

JUST LUCKY

By DONALD BAYNE HOBART

IT WAS growing dark and the men of the Diamond A crew had bedded the trail herd down for the night and were gathering around the chuckwagon for their evening meal. The six waddies and the trail boss were tired, for it had been a long hard day.

"Never did see such a spooky herd to handle," said Tom Carson, the trail boss. "Them critters shore have kept us busy."

"We got company," said one of the other men as he took his tin plate of food and glanced back along the trail. "Rider comin'."

As the rider drew closer the men saw that it was a young lad on a little roan pony. The lad was dressed in worn range clothes and rode well. His eyes were big and there was a hungry look on his dust-covered face as he rode up.

"Light and have some chuck, son," said Tom Carson in a kindly tone. "Reckon you might be hungry. What's your name?"

"Danny Small." "You the boss of this outfit?" He looked at Carson, and then, when the trail boss nodded, said: "You reckon maybe you could use an extra hand?"

"Might be." Carson nodded. "You eat and we'll talk about it afterwards, Danny."

The cook dished out a plate of food for the boy and Danny ate heartily. The men did not pay much attention to him, and Danny knew that was their way of making him feel they considered him one of them.

"Reckon I can use you, Danny," said Carson when the meal was finished. "The hoss wrangler could stand somebody helpin' him with the remuda. You want to tell me a little about yourself?"

"Not much to tell," said Danny. "There was just me and Dad left of our family and when he died a month ago I started drifting. I'm sixteen and right strong for my age—but couldn't find anybody who would give me a job up to now." His eyes were shining. "But I shore aim to be one of this outfit."

That was how Danny Small joined the Diamond A outfit. As the trail drive went on, the boy proved a great help in handling the horses of the remuda, and he got along fine with Jack Adams, the wrangler. Sometimes Carson would let the boy work with the herd, riding point or swing or drag.

"That boy has brought us luck," said old Matt, the cook. "Ain't been half as much trouble handling the herd since he has been with us. You were smart to give him a job, Tom."

The other men agreed, and Danny heard what was said and just remained in the background looking proud.

One day the herd was traveling through mountain country and the waddies grew uneasy, for there had been talk of rustlers working in this section. Up ahead of the cattle, Danny was riding point—and he had the rifle he had brought with him in his saddle boot.

Suddenly the boy fired at something up on a cliff. A moment later a Stetson hat came drifting down. Again Danny fired and another hat sailed down.

"What's the matter?" demanded Carson as he rode up. "What were you shooting at, Danny?"

"Two men watching the herd comin'," said Danny. "I saw they were wearing masks so I shot off their hats. That will warn the rustlers we're ready for trouble."

"Shore will," said Carson with a grin. "If they know we're ready for trouble they won't try and sneak up and steal the herd."

The trail boss was right. The rustlers left that outfit alone—and it wasn't until the herd was traveling through open country that Carson remembered to ask the boy something that had been bothering him.

"How do you happen to be such a good shot with a rifle, Danny?" Carson asked. "You sounded like you were sure you could shoot those rustlers' hats off when you fired at them."

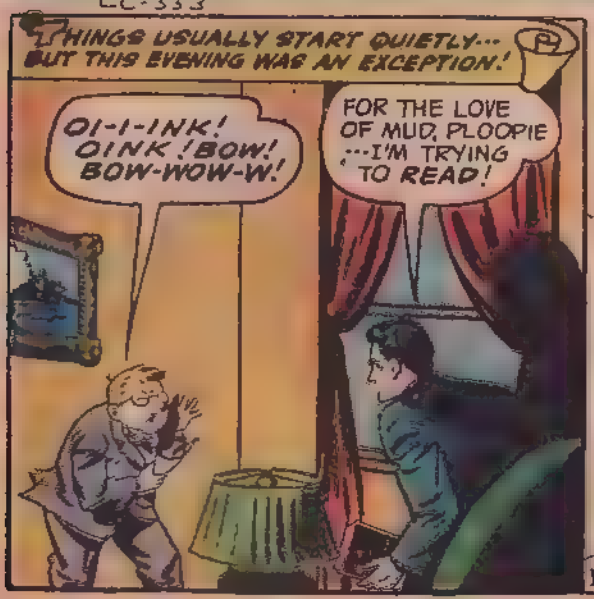
"My folks all came from the Kentucky hills country," said Danny. "I was taught to shoot a squirrel out of a tree when I was just a kid." He smiled. "Hitting those hats was easy. Or—maybe I'm just lucky!"

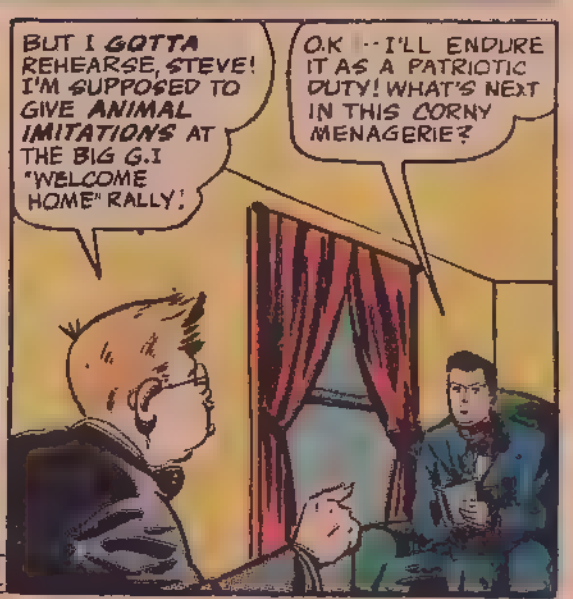
Everybody agreed that Danny was sure a lucky fellow to have around!

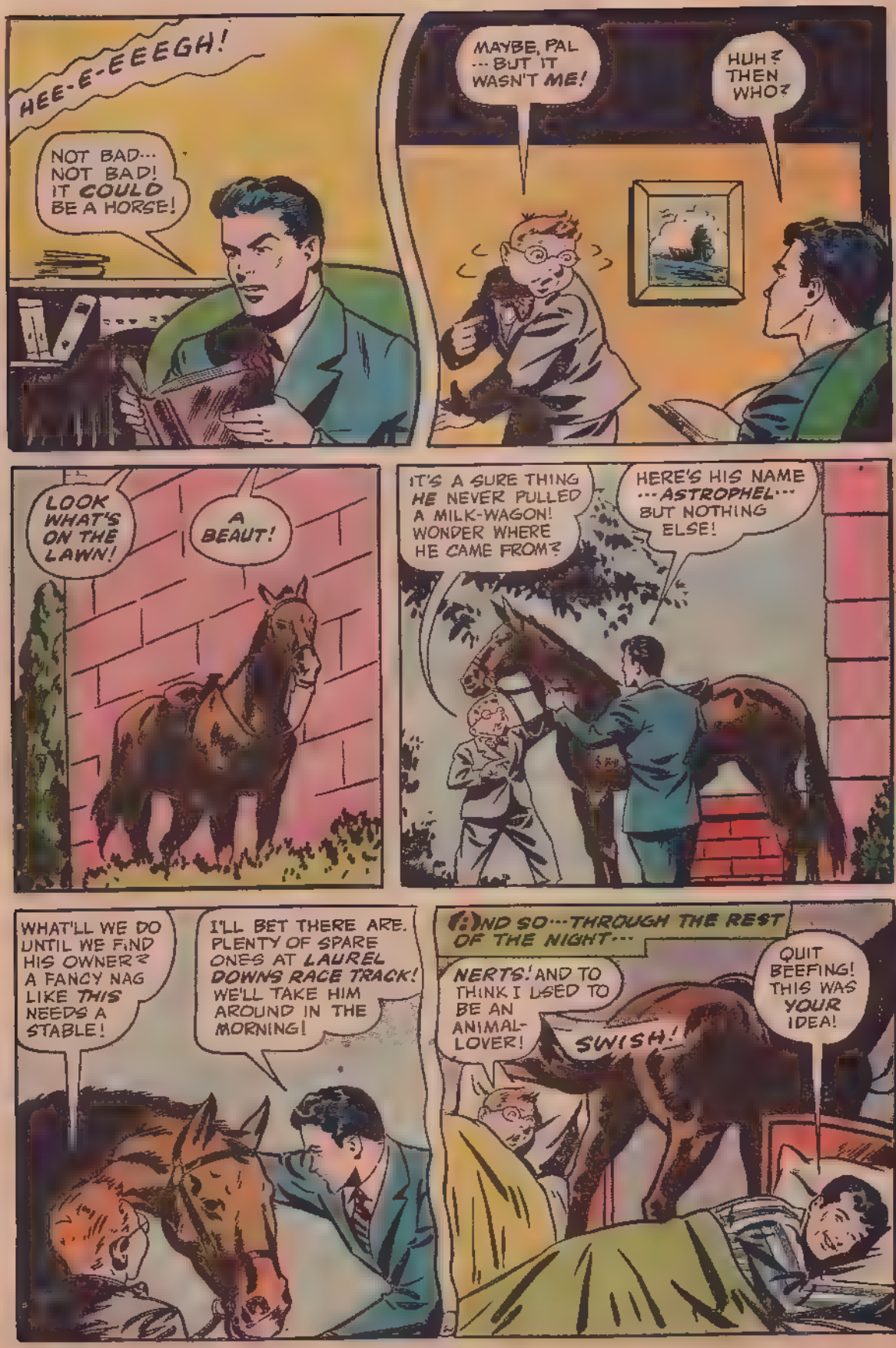
Danny Small Joins the Diamond A Outfit!

The CRIME CRUSHERS
WHEN A BIG-TIME GAMBLER DECIDES TO WIN A FORTUNE BY "FIXING" THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING TURF EVENT... THERE'S BOUND TO BE A WILD MIXTURE OF MAYHEM AND MAKE-LAUGHS! ESPECIALLY WHEN STEVE AND PLOOPIE GET INVOLVED... IN A FLURRY OF EXCITEMENT, HAY-MAKERS, AND THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS!

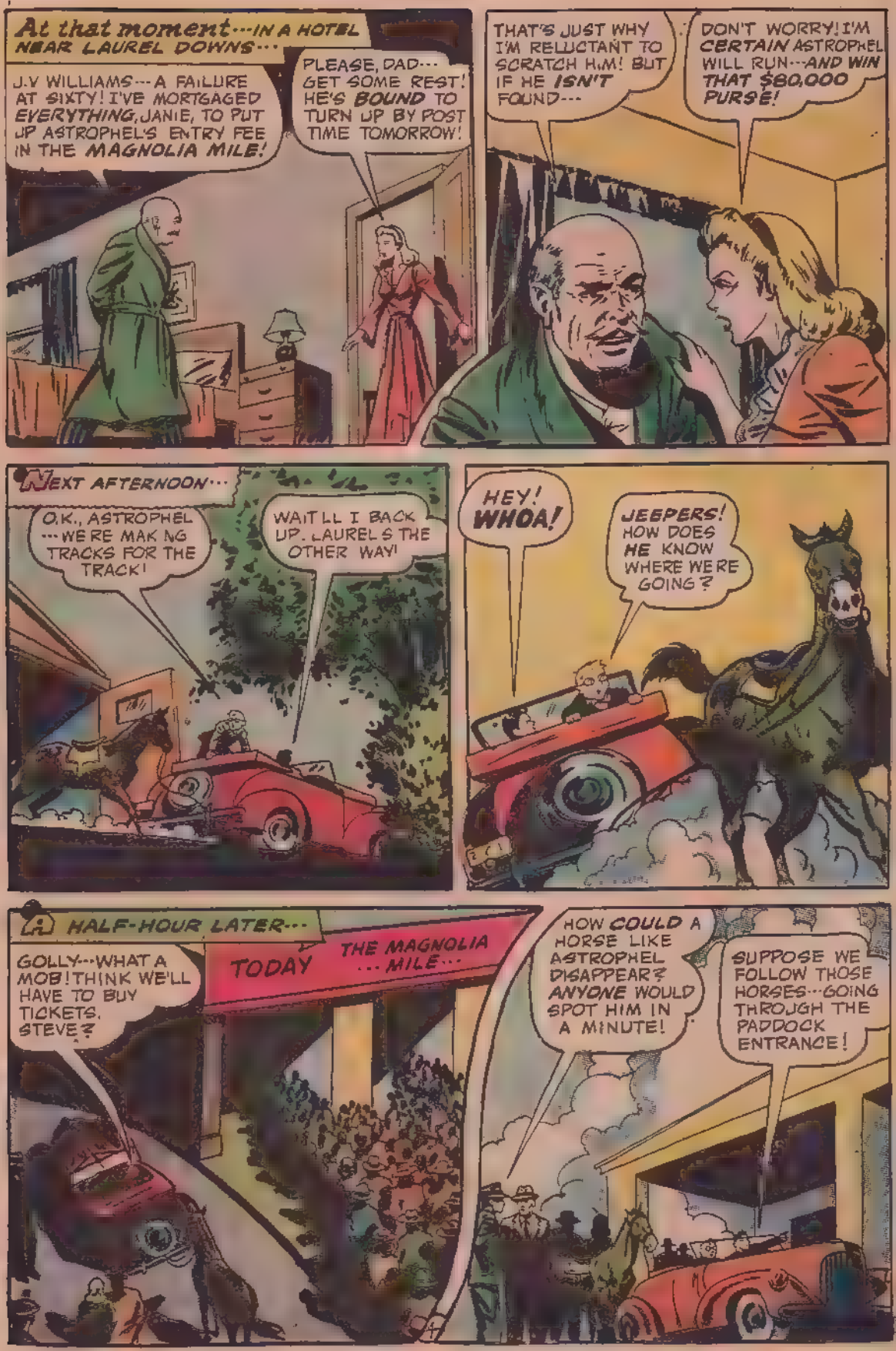
CC-553


THINGS USUALLY START QUIETLY... BUT THIS EVENING WAS AN EXCEPTION!
OI-I-INK! OINK! BOW! BOW-WOW-W!
FOR THE LOVE OF MUD, PLOOPIE ...I'M TRYING TO READ!


BUT I GOTTA REHEARSE, STEVE! I'M SUPPOSED TO GIVE ANIMAL IMITATIONS AT THE BIG G.I "WELCOME HOME" RALLY!
O.K ··I'LL ENDURE IT AS A PATRIOTIC DUTY! WHAT'S NEXT IN THIS CORNY MENAGERIE?


HEE-E-EEEGH!
NOT BAD··· NOT BAD! IT COULD BE A HORSE!
MAYBE, PAL ··· BUT IT WASN'T ME!
HUH? THEN WHO?
LOOK WHAT'S ON THE LAWN!
A BEAUT!
IT'S A SURE THING HE NEVER PULLED A MILK-WAGON! WONDER WHERE HE CAME FROM?
HERE'S HIS NAME ···ASTROPHEL··· BUT NOTHING ELSE!
WHAT'LL WE DO UNTIL WE FIND HIS OWNER? A FANCY NAG LIKE THIS NEEDS A STABLE!
I'LL BET THERE ARE PLENTY OF SPARE ONES AT LAUREL DOWNS RACE TRACK! WE'LL TAKE HIM AROUND IN THE MORNING!
(A)ND SO···THROUGH THE REST OF THE NIGHT···
NERTS! AND TO THINK I USED TO BE AN ANIMAL-LOVER!
SWISH!
QUIT BEEFING! THIS WAS YOUR IDEA!

Meanwhile SOMEONE ELSE HASN'T BEEN SLEEPING EITHER
I'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT ...WAITING FOR YOU CLUCKS! DID YOU SLIP ASTROPHEL THAT DRUGGED SUGAR?
WELL YOU SEE, BOSS IT'S LIKE THIS--
WE DID FOLLOW THE TRAILER TAKING HIM TO LAUREL DOWNS! BUT INSTEAD OF THROWING THE SUGAR IN---
--WE WAITED UNTIL THE TRAILER STOPPED FOR GAS--GUMSHOED AROUND--AND OPENED THE DOOR
SO ASTROPHEL RAN AWAY!
NO! IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! NO ONE COULD BE THAT DUMB!
NOW, BOSS WE DON'T WANNA DISTURB THE NEIGHBORS.
I BET TWO HUNDRED GRAND ON ZOMBIE---THE NEXT BEST FAVORITE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO MY THREE-TO-ONE ODDS IF ASTROPHEL IS SCRATCHED?
I'LL HAVE TO GIVE ODDS -- THAT'S WHAT! EVEN IF ZOMBIE WINS ---YOU IDIOTS ARE LOSING ME ABOUT $500,000!
ANYWAY -- IT PUTS YOU IN A CLASS WITH THOSE SOCIETY TWERPS WHO BELONG TO LAUREL'S "FIFTY-FIVE CLUB"!
YEAH. I HEAR THAT JOINT CAN CASH A CHECK FOR A MILLION BUCKS!
A MILLION?
WHY WORRY ABOUT A GAMBLE? ROUND UP THE BOYS, STEVE -- AND TELL 'EM CRONIN HAS A SURE THING!


At that moment···IN A HOTEL NEAR LAUREL DOWNS···
J.V WILLIAMS···A FAILURE AT SIXTY! I'VE MORTGAGED EVERYTHING, JANIE, TO PUT UP ASTROPHEL'S ENTRY FEE IN THE MAGNOLIA MILE!
PLEASE, DAD··· GET SOME REST! HE'S BOUND TO TURN UP BY POST TIME TOMORROW!
THAT'S JUST WHY I'M RELUCTANT TO SCRATCH HIM! BUT IF HE ISN'T FOUND···
DON'T WORRY! I'M CERTAIN ASTROPHEL WILL RUN···AND WIN THAT $80,000 PURSE!
NEXT AFTERNOON···
O.K., ASTROPHEL ···WE'RE MAK NG TRACKS FOR THE TRACK!
WAIT LL I BACK UP. LAUREL S THE OTHER WAY!
HEY! WHOA!
JEEPERS! HOW DOES HE KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING?
HALF-HOUR LATER···
GOLLY···WHAT A MOB! THINK WE'LL HAVE TO BUY TICKETS, STEVE?
TODAY
THE MAGNOLIA ··· MILE···
HOW COULD A HORSE LIKE ASTROPHEL DISAPPEAR? ANYONE WOULD SPOT HIM IN A MINUTE!
SUPPOSE WE FOLLOW THOSE HORSES···GOING THROUGH THE PADDOCK ENTRANCE!

Then..
SHAKE IT UP BEFORE THEY GOT THAT LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM REPAIRED
FIFTY-
GOOD GOLLY! IT'S A HOLDUP, PLOOPIE!
THERE MAY BE RACES TODAY, HEELS··· BUT YOU'RE NOT RUNNING!
POW!
DUCK THAT TOMMY-GUN, STEVE!
NERTS! THEY'VE CLOBBERED OUR JALOPY!
KA-LANG!
RAT-TAT-TAT
DRIVEWAY'S JAMMED! SCOOT DOWN THE TRACK TO THAT SIDE ENTRANCE!
NOW WHAT? WE CAN'T CHASE THEM ON FOOT!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! START JIVIN', ASTROPHEL!
IN THE CROWDED STANDS···
WONDER WHAT THE EXCITEMENT IS OVER THERE, GEORGE?
DON'T BOTHER ME, PAL··· THEY'RE AT THE STARTING POST!

A SECOND LATER···
THEY'RE OFF!
DAD···LOOK! JUST BEYOND THE STARTING GATE!
WELL, JANE··· THERE GOES THE MAGNOLIA MILE ···AND OUR ENTRY FEE!
IT'S ASTROPHEL!
HE'S RUNNING!
THROUGH THE THUDDING FIELD···WITH THE GREAT FREE STRIDE OF A CHAMPION···
SORRY TO BUST UP YOUR RACE, FELLAS··· BUT WE'RE IN A HURRY!
STEP ON IT! THE CAVALRY'S TAGGIN' US!
QUIT LOITERIN', ASTROPHEL! THEY'RE NEAR THE ENTRANCE!
LEGGO THAT WHEEL, HEEL!
POW!
WHOA! WAIT! WE'RE PASSING 'EM!
CRRRASH!

THE GATE'S LOCKED! GET OFF THE TRACK, FOOLS··· AND FADE INTO THE CROWD!
YA-AAAGH!
Then··· WITH DRIVING HOOFS···
ASTROPHEL··· BY FOUR LENGTHS!
IT··· IT'S LIKE A DREAM! HOW DID THAT BOY GET ASTROPHEL INTO THE RACE?
LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE, DAD!
AMID THE RAGING EXCITEMENT···
OF COURSE THE JUDGES WILL ALLOW IT! ASTROPHEL WON, DIDN'T HE?
BUT EVEN IF THE HORSE WAS ENTERED ··· WHAT ABOUT THE JOCKEY?
OH-OH! DON'T I KNOW HIM?
SO THEY LEFT YOU HOLDING THE BAG, EH?
WAM!
YOU CAN PILE THAT LETTUCE RIGHT HERE, RAT!
POW!
HE'S GOT ONE OF THOSE GUNMEN! RUSH YOUR SQUAD TO THE GATE!

DEEP IN THE CROWD···
EVEN IF WE DO GET OUT, CRONIN---THERE GOES OUR MILLION BERRIES!
DESPITE CERTAIN IRREGULARITIES--ASTROPHEL'S RACE OFFICIALLY STANDS!
HEAR THAT? IT'S A TWO-WAY ROOKIN'!
THAT KID UP ON ASTROPHEL COST ME THE TWO HUNDRED GRAND I BET ON ZOMBIE··· AND HE'S GONNA PAY!
A MOMENT LATER···
REALLY---I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
OOPS! KEEP THE HORSE STEADY, KID!
WITH AN UNEXPECTED DASH···
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE HEP TO THESE HEELS TOO, ASTROPHEL!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
YAAAAGH!
BOP!
WAM!
BANG
HEY! THIS IS NO TIME TO BUCK!
BLAM!
WHAT'S ONE MORE BUCK ADDED TO A MILLION, PLOOPIE?
POW!
Later···
FUNNY WE SHOULD HELP WIN A RACE, MR. WILLIAMS---OUR FIRST TIME AT A TRACK!
IT'S A SPORT CENTURIES OLD, BOYS···AND THERE'S NO PLACE IN IT FOR CROOKED GAMBLERS!
KEEP PACE WITH THE CRIME CRUSHERS IN THE NEXT ISSUE---THERE'S A LULU OF A CASE COMING UP!
8

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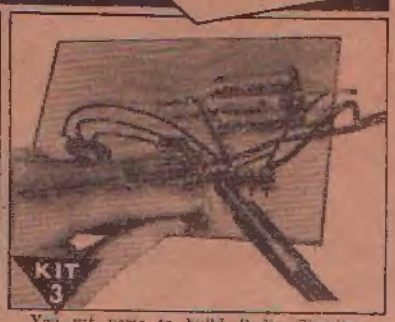
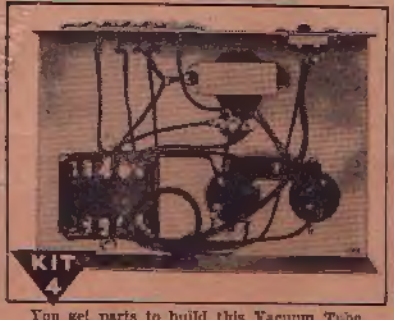


You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



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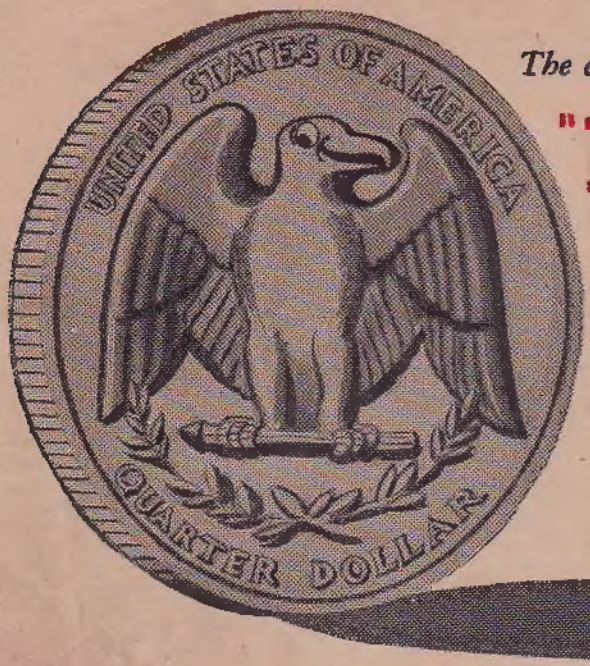

The eagle on the quarter says,

"I'm one bird that doesn't have a squawk!"

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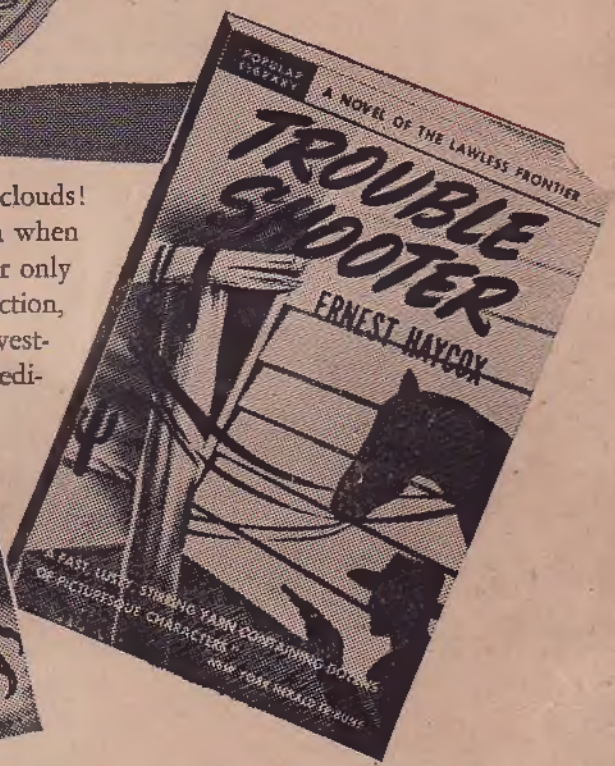
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